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New Statesman
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Militant
Still the hardest pea beneath Labour's mattress

Gitta Sereny: Austria's loss of war-time memory
Greenham five years on; Hard times for Australian Labor
Kellner on the TUC; Media: the coverage the unions deserve?

BUSINESS TURNS ITS BACK ON THATCHER

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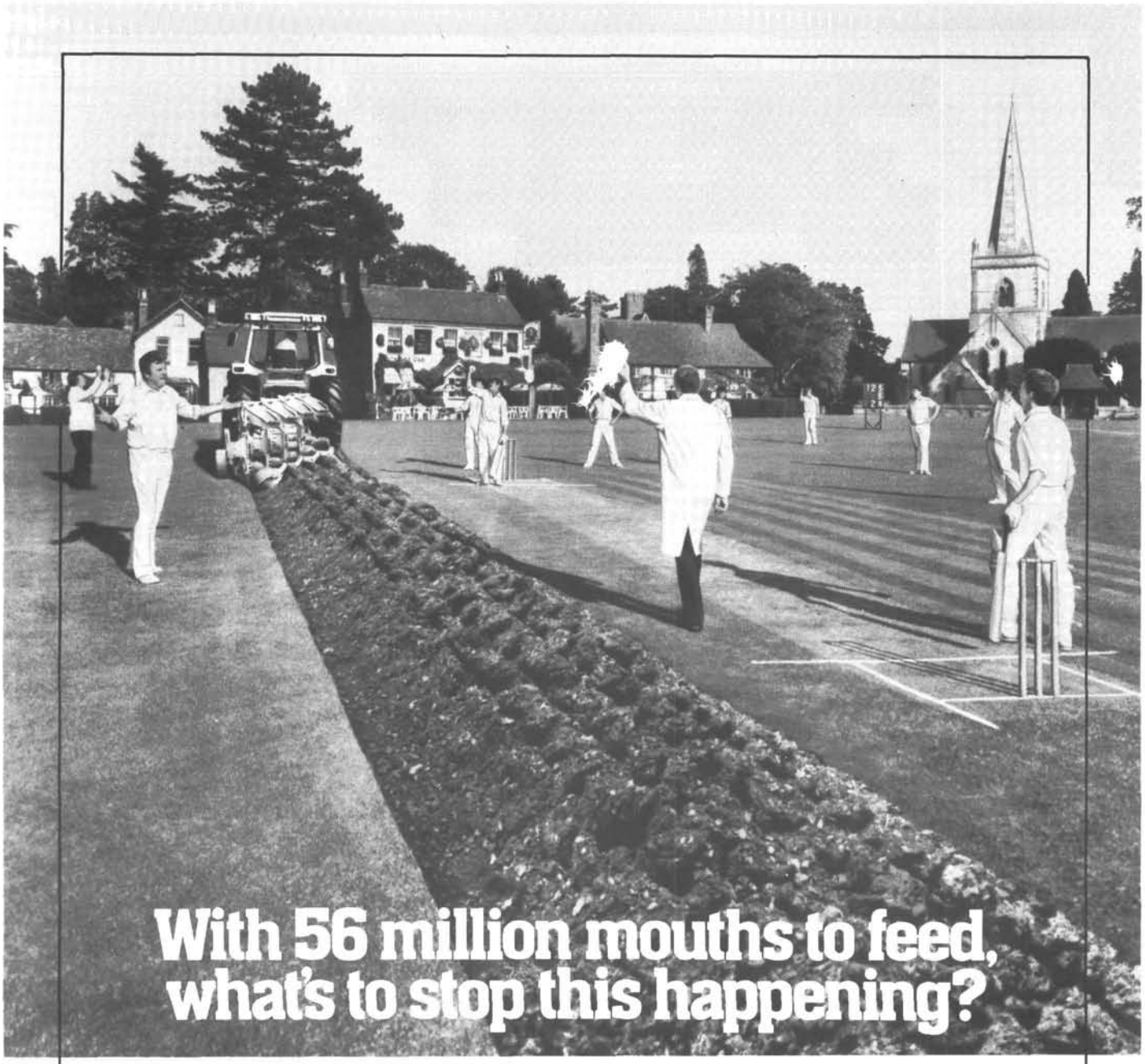

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New Statesman
Vol 112 No 2893 5 September 1986

A prime minister in waiting

NEIL KINNOCK makes an unlikely Calvinist, with his big grins and his gregarious nature; after his speech to the TUC earlier this week he unwound over a guitar and folk-songs. But the earlier performance in the hall had been laced with puritanical fervour: work was the most used word, blank cheques and rubber stamps the least favoured objects.

There was a deeper message even than that. He asserted the primacy of *government* over *interest*. The TUC speech underscored what has emerged as the central Kinnock theme: that organised labour's place would be separate from, and subordinate to, his own as a future prime minister. If this were followed through in government (there's many a slip . . .) it would mark the end of that period, beginning in the early 1970s, in which the Labour Party sought to defuse the evident power of the unions to wreck policies, even prime ministers, by drawing them into a partnership whose rules were agreed in advance.

Thus the TUC-Labour Party Liaison Committee, drawn from the unions, Labour's national executive and the parliamentary party, has for a decade and a half been the central focus for policy formation, a process which has tended, naturally, towards excessive detail, hopeful assumption and barely-costed commitment. This list-ist tendency helped produce the famous 1983 promise-'em-anything manifesto — but that was a high watermark from which the tide is fast receding.

Now, Kinnock has declared what he thinks a government he leads might be able to do (bring down unemployment by 1 million in two years is the priority before which all else quails) and has told the unions, *along with everyone else*, that they can come along if they wish. Mark the words: a Labour government would serve 'the wide public interest and not narrow vested interests'. That means you, brothers and sisters.

More: 'If co-operating and agreement is denied on these policies, and progress is not given in any quarter, it might slow the pace, it might retard progress. But I tell you and everyone else now it will not change the direction of these policies for jobs and growth in our country. We can be helped in that, we can be hindered in that. But we cannot and we will not be diverted from that business of generating jobs for now and for the future.'

In saying so, the Labour leader is declaring himself as free of his most powerful vested interest as he can. I know what I wish to do, he is saying, but I will only be a prime minister, after all. You will of course, in a free society, retain the right and the ability to impede my programme. But don't come whining to me to make good the consequences of your actions.

In declaring that he will be acting according to his own, and not the unions', bidding Kinnock is opening the way to a social partnership of the kind he saw and admired on a recent visit to Austria. Where the TUC is no longer seen as an arm of the state (as it was seen in the 1974-79 period) then management and business might — so the argument runs — be persuaded to take planning, agreements, negotiations and delivery of promises seriously. As our report by Sarah Benton shows (p5), Thatcherism has lost many of the charms it had for business. That does not make company managements into any kind of socialists (always excepting Robert Maxwell, of course); but Kinnock's speech proposes a role in which they could serve their society better than they have in the past. □

New Statesman

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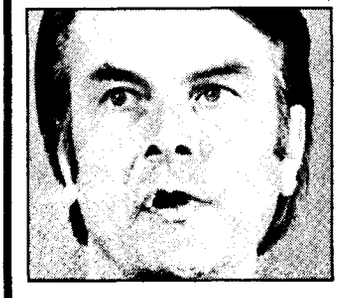

THE ALLIANCE
JOHN RENTOUL reports on the people, the powers and the prospects of the third force in British politics.

SEX IN SCHOOLS
ANDREW LUMSDEN and DENIS CAMPBELL get their feet under the desk. How is it taught, where is it taught, should it be taught and is it taught, anyway?

SCRITTI POLITTI
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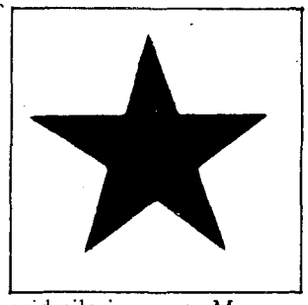
How far will he go?



THAT QUESTION, posed of Mikhail Gorbachev since he became general secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, has received an answer from the right: not far. Why is this wrong?

Not just because of the obvious changes. Not because he is well dressed and his wife is stylish; the fact that Pierre Cardin and Yves St Laurent have both made expenses-paid pilgrimages to Moscow means only that the Soviet power elite is becoming more conspicuous in its consumption.

Not just because the society is more open, though it seems to be so. The press is exhorted to expose corruption, apparently sincerely. The post-Chernobyl silence was dramatically ended by an honest presentation by Soviet officials to the International Atomic Energy Agency in Vienna last week. The Soviet delegation's leader, Academician Valery Legasov, showed a video of the molten core of the reactor, and told the IAEA delegates that the Chernobyl operators had developed such a contemptuous attitude to safety that they could be likened to a pilot in charge of a high-flying plane who casually opened all the doors.

Not just because, even, Gorbachev has continued to press a 'moderate' line in the skirmishing with the Reagan administration before the forthcoming summit. Skirmishing of this kind on both sides is not devoid of meaning, but it plays to various galleries and attempts to use what leverage it can muster to weaken the other's position; yet for all that, Gorbachev has seemed to be anxious for real reductions, much more anxious than the US administration has consistently appeared.

The real reason why the right's knee jerk — that Gorbachev is just a kitten's mask on the same old bear — is wrong is that there is no way of pre-judging how far Gorbachev will go because he cannot know himself. In deliberately opening up Soviet society, allowing some market principles to operate in an otherwise rigid economy, in giving a limited tolerance to intellectual and artistic 'loyal dissidence' (disloyal dissidents still get harsh treatment), the general secretary is not able to predict the reactions at the various social levels.

On 22 July, the *Guardian* published the text of a manifesto for political and economic reform in the Soviet Union, which purportedly came from a group seeking to establish a 'Movement for Socialist Renewal'. It was a thrilling document, calling for press, economic and even political freedom — though within the overall structure of a socialist society. Martin Walker, the *Guardian*'s Moscow correspondent, believed it came from a high level in the Soviet power elite: his contention has been neither proved nor disproved — though most Sovietologists appear to believe that (a) it is not a fake planted by some security agency or emigré group, and (b) it is lower level than Walker thinks, though reflects a real strain of thought within the CPSU.

That is an example of this process: a process where ideas and movements, once started, prove hard to stop and impossible to contain within a pressure vessel of conformism now nearly 70 years ago. It is of course naive to think that those who enjoy a monopoly of political power will want to surrender it. But if there is to be socialist or any other kind of renewal in the Soviet Union, then it will come from below the monopolists and they will be forced to relinquish their grip, bit by bit. □

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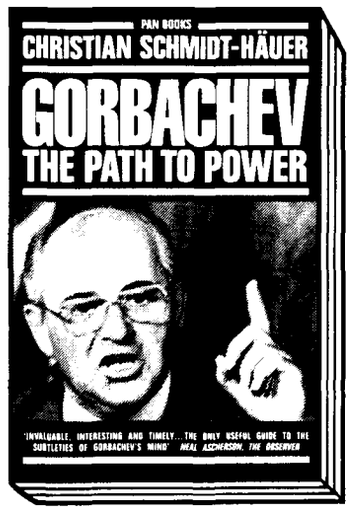
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THATCHERISM GETS THE HEAVE-HO FROM BUSINESS

The free-market evangelists who welcomed Mrs Thatcher as the First Coming now see her as enfeebled or thwarted, and plot the Second Coming — but from whom? Meanwhile her, and their, agenda has looked increasingly irrelevant or positively damaging to business at large ever since 1981 and the riots (*above* Brixton). Discard a few high-profile, millionaire mavericks and British business isn't gung-ho for Thatcher. It's trying to recover its preferred air of being above or outside party politics. Goodbye '74-'81. SARA BENTON reports

THE REVOLUTION is dead; long live the revolution. In *The Unfinished Agenda*, a book of essays published this June in honour of free marketeer Arthur Seldon, Gordon Tullock mourns the end of the 'revolutionary' period of 'public choice' economics. Tullock is the editor of the American *Public Choice* (free market political economy); 'The history of any field of knowledge is not one of continuous revolutions' he nostalgically concludes. 'Periods of consolidation and regular growth contribute most of the history of science. Sharp, revolutionary improvements are the exception.' Against the grain of his own argument, he urges that 'we need a new revolution' if the long unfinished agenda of the new right is to be bump-started into fresh life.

As others schooled in the age-old arguments about political change could tell him, revolutions cannot be made at the will of their protagonists. After all, the Institute of Economic Affairs, publisher of the *Unfinished Agenda*, spent long years in the wilderness from its foundation in 1957 until the 1970s crisis of the corporate state. Only that created a hearing for the 'politically impossible' ideas which it had been set up to explore. ▷

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In acknowledging the end of their 'revolutionary period', Tullock is only confirming what British polls and surveys and marginal Tory MPs have been showing for well over a year. The popular crusade that Mrs Thatcher headed at the end of the '70s has long since lost its troops; or rather, the troops have lost their ardour for her evangelistic promotion of the untramelled free market.

None of the channels of business opinion — the employers' organisations, the Conservative Party itself — now pulse with the demand for Mrs Thatcher to go ever onwards and upwards. Instead we hear employers speaking anxiously of a business sector that is still going down, of a divided nation and growing social disorder. The disenchantment with Thatcher is shared both by progressive managers, who scorn the idea that privatisation is the simple answer to the nation's economic ills, as well as by old conservatives who fear that social and economic decay is eroding their class position.

The further they live from the golden corridor from Whitehall to the City, the more they believe that the government's ideology has cut it off from the actual needs of industry. 'The sheltered world of Westminster is a million miles from the industrial wastelands of the West Midlands' said the *Birmingham Post* this August. Quoting the chairman of the regional chambers of commerce group, it confirmed: 'It is the arrogance of the Chancellor and Prime Minister . . . which has finally forced once enthusiastic Lawson-Thatcher fans to turn.'

The damper of 1981

Whatever the vagaries of the poll figures, the *momentum* began slipping from the Thatcher crusade in 1981. As Britain's first major post-war riots struck, umemployment soared and long-established companies packed up, the first Cabinet 'wets' began to express their doubts. The drift in active support was staunched by the splits in the Labour Party and the birth of the SDP, ensuring there *was* no alternative to Thatcher's Conservative Party. The Falklands gave her leadership a brief positive uplift.

And business did still have, in the early '80s, its own particular agenda. It wanted the trade unions curbed and it would stick firmly with the Thatcher leadership until that core part of her historic mission had been achieved. It was, in the 1980 and 1982 Employment Acts and the 1984 Trade Union Act. If, in retrospect, it was unemployment that did more to undermine union militancy than any statutory intervenion, at the time, business certainly believed the agency for change had to be the state. And that meant it had to give positive political support to the Conservative leadership.

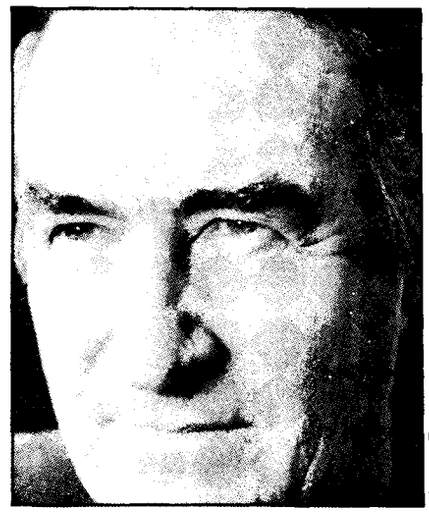
But now the forces of conservatism and social concern have reasserted themselves. In particular, the two crucial inner constituencies of Thatcherism – the new right vanguard and the business community — are loosening their exclusive ties with the party. The new right believes the party has betrayed Thatcherism: an increasing number of business persons think Thatcherites have actually nothing to say about the real problems that bedevil them. There have not been mass defections from the Conservative Party — though for the second year running, company donations to the party are significantly down — and nor are there likely to be. But the Conservatives have both a short-term problem of coming up with any popular initiatives in the next year, and a long-term problem of being the home for life's conservatives, progressive business opinion and for the free market crusade. Only in that brief 'revolutionary period' of crisis in the corporate state was the party able to fuse the three in a way that was both popular and dynamic.

MRS THATCHER, though she hates to think it, has done her job. She led the battle under the rallying cries of 'turn back the tide of socialism', 'roll back the frontiers of the state' and defeat the power of trade unions. Her job, once Prime Minister, was to remove the shackles on the triumph of the will. For the Prime Minister, free enterprise in essence depends on the will — the will to make money, to have power, to succeed.

Business speeches at the time catch the mood of the crusade. In 1978, with Labour still in power, the IoD's chairman Denys Randolph, then chairman of Wilkinson Match, lashed the goverment for 'hounding, constraining, restricting, watch-dogging and now persecuting with sanctions, companies that are producing wealth and the taxes without which they — the government — can do nothing.' As for the public sector, it was harrassed by the 'clumsy, ever changing and inept control by the leadened fetters of bureaucracy and the fickle hand of politicians.'

For such intolerable constraints, Mrs Thatcher had few answers and most of those consisted of dismantling what existed in order to free the will to flourish. But, vigour of the will apart, dismantling the interlocked structure of state and industry is not so easy, even if one points Lord Rayner at 'civil service waste' and despatches him on a search and destroy mission. As the CBI points out with quiet complacency, the procedures of consultation have had to continue. And the procedures of collecting taxes and rates, the laws and planning procedures with which business has to comply, remain intact. At the beginning of this year, the IoD set up a 'Red Tape Hot Line' for directors baffled by bureaucracy. It was neither a new service nor a new problem. But that, really, was the IoD's point.

Baulked of easy answers, the Cabinet now shows no interest in structural change. Constructing the structures of the new Jerusalem was never part of its crusade; that



Camera Press

The business of government

ONE OF THE first, and most telling, of the Thatcher crusaders to pursue his own path to change is Sir John Hoskyns. He was the head of the Prime Minister's policy unit from 1979 to 1982. He left, fulminating at the difficulty of getting anything done through our current form of government. He wrote a paper on reforming the method of government and last May brought together a small conference of academics, civil servants, political journalists and others to discuss it. They criticised it as too timid. Labour supporters like John Cunningham MP and Peter Kellner said it ignored the democratic need for government to be more open and responsive. Civil servants like Sir Frank Cooper said it ignored the crucial relationships that central government had with parliament and other government departments.

A working party of six men was set up – Hoskyns, Graham Mather (new Director General of the IEA), William Wallace (Liberal MP), Peter Hennessy (political writer and researcher), Norman Strauss (also from the PM's policy unit) and John Ward (General Secretary of the First Division Civil Servants). They met 'over drinks and dinner' and wrote a new paper. It will be presented to a reconvened meeting of the May conference next Monday.

It is still not a revolutionary doeument. It beefs up Hoskyn's original idea of a 'cabinets' system of government, in which ministers have enlarged personal offices of researchers, advisers and civil servants. In theory, this should allow them time to think strategically and resources to manage their departments and budgets. It's very much the recipe that reformers have been urging on British companies: structures that will facilitate both long-term planning and the skills to translate plans into action (for political advisers, read non-executive directors.)

It seems a modest and technocratic reform to come from a group incited to be radical by its only constituency, a conference accountable to no-one. But Hoskyns *et al* want the reform to be accepable to all parties, and David Steel, David Owen, Neil Kinnock and Norman Tebbit have all been asked to discuss it. The proposals are, says Peter Hennessy, the changes which any government could institute 'on the Monday afternoon after election' which would yield the most reforms. More fundamental change would take much longer.

What is notable here is that Hoskyns has chosen to organise a serious bid for constitutional reform through a meeting of an elite, not the Institute of Directors with its stamp of intransigent right-wingery nor the Conservative Party itself. Given the Conservative Party is not designed for policy discussion that may not be surprising. But it is another sign of the times that the route to influence does not lie through Mrs Thatcher's ear. ●

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City Syndication

The face that sees a thousand slips — free marketeer, 'radical reform is being thwarted', Michael Fallon

was just meant to happen of its own accord.

This is where the rifts lie. For the free marketeers, their task had only just begun before vested interests threatened to abort it. In a surprisingly outspoken article in this month's *Economic Affairs*, journal of the IEA, Conservative MP Michael Fallon arraigns the goverment for its failure to pursue radical reform. 'Why is there such a long agenda after so long in office?' he asks (agenda is the favourite new right word). His answer is that 'the more radical reforms have been thwarted within the Conservative Party'. He quotes approvingly the judgement of Jo Grimond that '"insiders" are still seeing off "outsiders" in an essentially more corporatist, less competitive economy.' Higher education waits to be rationalised, agriculture and energy stagnate for lack of exposure to market forces. But 'the consolidators' of the party have lost their nerve in the face of the mass of vested interests opposing change.

It is this view of how change comes about — you destroy the structures that protect any industry and expose it to the 'market' — which young right wingers like Michael Fallon share with Mrs Thatcher, and they remain almost wholly uncritical of her. The disdain they feel for the party is not uncommon amongst radicals of any party. But unlike Labour's left wing, the Tories' young right wingers have nowhere in the party to argue their case. Are we to see former nests of Conservative enthusiasts — the IEA, Adam Smith Institute, the IoD — become vehicles for the harshest criticism of the Tory Party?

One link in the chain of niches for free marketeers has become notorious for taking on that task. The Federation of Conservative Students believe they are the Conservative Party of the future, regardless of how Tebbit's henchmen may try to squash them for the good of the party. But that's the only party stronghold, apart from some MPs' offices and, the 'libertarians' expect, the Young Conservatives. Otherwise they find succour in the IEA, grouplets of the Adam Smith Institute, the Centre for Policy Studies, some University departments and niches in various private companies especially, like Scottish Widows and Rothstein's, in the finance sector.

Tories turn 'Fabian'

According to Peter Clarke, Conservative parliamentary candidate for East Lothian (fat chance) and an outspoken member of this network, the analogy between their project and that of the early Fabians is quite apt. Like those proselytisers of the Victorian age, they think their views must seep into all the parties; if they can no longer be the vanguard of a party crusade, they must be a club that is the vanguard for the whole of society. So though Michael Fallon points to Conservative minister Nicholas Ridley as 'the jewel in the crown', of the free marketeers, others are quick to point to the support of long-time Liberals like Jo Grimond, Sam Brittan and Arthur Seldon for creating an individualistic culture. David Owen would be regarded as a promising recruit for the free market culture were it not for the truckload of old social democrats in his train.

WHY THEN IS this aggressive, even evangelistic, voice of capitalism not carrying with it the enthusiastic support of business round the country? The simple answer is that most businesses are run by apolitical people. They are conservative because the social and financial status they want can be derived through social and financial means. Politics is what people who want to upset the status quo engage in, and only when the status quo seemed seriously under threat from trade unions and the state did they give heartfelt support to a *political* crusade to restore their rights. Now it's gone far enough especially as it's having no obvious benefit for their profits. Besides them, there are those like ICI's recent chairman, Sir John Harvey-Jones, who are highly critical of business's performance. But they tend to look to civil rather than state agencies to press management into becoming 'professionals.'

These are not the same voices. Nor are they the voice of the large companies — most of which, contrary to popular opinion, give no money to the Conservative Party. Their very size tends to give them an above-party corporate view. If they react to political pressures — as they are doing on both the environment and unemployment — this is because it creates good relations with their workforce, the local community, the public at large. Anyway, pro-Tory capitalist evangelism tends only to be found amongst the company chairmen who are 'characters', like Lord Hanson of Hanson Trust. Working your way up through the corporate structure, serving

Speaking for capitalism

WHO SAID IN 1970: 'It is, I think, now generally accepted that, left to its own devices, the capitalist system is inherently unstable?' It was the Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, Anthony Barber. Those were the days when capitalism had an unacceptable face for Tories and its political supporters were defensive.

In 1974, another Conservative politician made the headlines with a speech claiming 'our political opponents preach the case for more state control while we fail to argue the case for private enterprise.' Enter Margaret Thatcher, the first modern day political evangelist for capitalism as a system.

By 1986, the arguments for capitalism have become both more robust and more varied. More robust because since the '70s the Left has largely abandoned its attack on capitalism as a whole or even, with a few Murdochian exceptions, on particular examples of it. It has concentrated instead on the party, the state and popular movements. There is irony in the speech Neil Kinnock, undoubted socialist, chose to make to the TUC this week, hammering home the goal of more jobs, more work, the status of being employed. The Marxist goal of abolishing the very existence of wage labour has been put in the closet.

If the arguments for capitalism as such are more varied as well as less defensive, that is because politics in this period of mass unemployment are not a matter of overt, polarised class positions. This was evident last month in Panoptic's Channel 4 series, *The Triumph of Capitalism*. Sir Alan Walters, one time political adviser for Mrs Thatcher, did stick with 1979-speak. In 1974, he told viewers this August, 'Britain's economy had been so seduced by socialism my wife and I decided to emigrate to the United States. This was before Mrs Thatcher became party leader.' His argument was not what capitalism can do that is socially good or even inevitable, but almost exclusively why the policies of Labour's 'Marxists' or of Heath's 'Disraeli posturing fantasies' were wholly awful.

Leslie Hannah, economics professor at LSE, had a more sophisticated, mid-1980s opinion, found far more often in the USA. The triumph of free market capitalism is that it has brought 'the replacement of the cult of gentlemanly amateurism by skilled, trained, *professional* management' (his emphasis). While the Left and 'traditional Tories' recoil in horror at the drive to 'get rich quickly' it is this which is allowing women and ethnic minorities, 'the majority of the British population', to make their 'most significant advances.' 'The reason is not far to seek; markets, generally, are both gender blind and colour blind.'

Walter Wriston, the Chairman of Citicorp who brought you plastic credit, neatly sidesteps the old issues of exploitation, instability and justice. Markets lead, governments follow. And what is leading now is a free market whose essential commodity is information. 'The fundamental catalyst of massive change in our society is the transition from several hundreds of years of technology based on the mechanical model to one based on information.' Thus the key change for the future will be in laws governments must pass to shape the use of this information — and the survival of the nation state. Conduct by national governments which other powers in the world do not like will no longer be protected by international ignorance. He cites the televising of Marcos's fraudulent election as the cause of the US intervention which led to his downfall. 'What then has happened to the old ideas of national sovereignty?' he asks. He has no answer. ●

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your time on the appropriate trade federation and waiting for a knighthood is not a good training for being outspoken.

Thus many of these business voices are now distinctly cool about, if not hostile to, Thatcher's leadership. Even the City, stronghold of Thatcherite economics, has become less political. A survey of City opinion by MORI last winter found that 79 per cent of those questioned were optimistic about the economy. Only 10 and 9 per cent of the optimists cited respectively the present government or prospective return of the Tory party to power as the reason. Not that they were less pro-Conservative; merely less assertive about the centrality of Tory politics to their profits.

Businesses turn to politics less when they want specific measures from government (lobbying civil servants is good enough for that) than when they want the 'climate' changed. In 1979 there was wholehearted business agreement that the climate favoured trade unions and must be changed. Today there is disagreement over whether the primary political task is to create an economic climate in which a company 'can trade freely and profitably', as the board of Marks & Spencer declared this year when arguing that it should continue to make political donations; or one in which the threat of social and economic collapse is averted.

The CBI, in its latest gloomy forecast just published, continues to press for more spending on the infrastructure. They have been joined by the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, bidding for national prominence as the business voice of the regions. Their response to their own gloomy forecast last month was to press for more spending on roads, water, sewage and housing. There has been, thinks spokesperson Lynn Howarth, 'a sea change in attitudes amongst business throughout the country.' Those outside the South East feel they have gone through 'one hell of a time' which no-one in the golden corridor appreciates. Those businesses which have survived 'have a new sense of community and they have more social conscience than we've seen for a long time.'

This new voice is detectable in the steadily growing support for Business in the Community, a charitable organisation boasting the active patronage of the Prince of Wales, which persuades business to give money and expertise to a beleaguered and impoverished 'community.' Cathy Ashton, BIC's director of public affairs, estimates that there are now around some 4000 companies actively involved in some sort of community project. In many cases, this means the Enterprise agencies which BIC has fostered — local agencies supported by business and the local authority which aim to help unemployed people to set up their own businesses. A couple of years ago there were 11 of them. There are now 220.

Their actual value in reducing unemployment has yet to be assessed. But they are another sign of the times. So indeed is Industry Year itself, as 1986 has been designated by the Royal Society of Arts. For all the talk about the centrality of class conflict to the politics of the Left, the heat has certainly gone off the workings of private capitalism. In the new space we have the RSA's rather half-hearted campaign 'to encourage a better understanding of industry, its essential role and its service to the community and to win acceptance for it.' Here we have industry as a misunderstood and endangered species (the campaign has large consisted of getting factories to hold open days). And if it is under threat it is less from a left crying 'exploitation' than from environmentalists protesting about pollution — and from the climate of unemployment and poor economic performance which the government has done nothing to change.

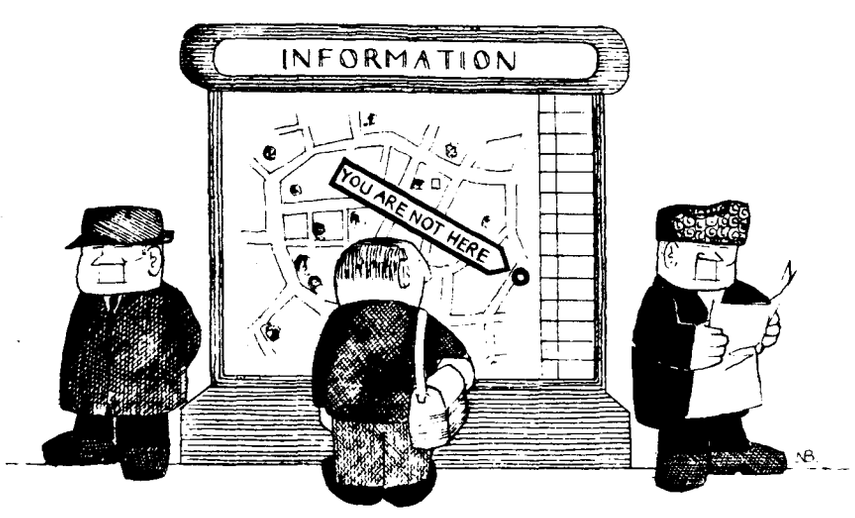
1981 WAS THE year when British industry woke up to find itself an endangered species. While for the inturned left 1981 was the year of the SDP's defection and Benn's failure to get the deputy leadership, for business it was the year of catastrophic collapse in manufacturing and of the riots. The riots were the crucial benchmark for conservatives says Peter Hennessy. 'They had grown up in a society where social disorder was a thing of the past. None had expected the end of growth and the decay. Now they don't think Margaret Thatcher has the answer.'

And there is a significant lack of political answers for, in particular, manufacturing industry. If the new right vanguard is striking few chords in their breast, there is no sign that the upper echelons of boardrooms are turning to the SDP, let alone the Labour Party, (though a growing number of business people are now crossing the great divide for talks with Kinnock as a prospective Prime Minister). Dick Taverne, chairman of the Public Policy Centre, and a rare SDP company director (on the board of BOC) says he sees no sign of such a shift. But this is less true of a younger generation of managers and entrepreneurs. Michael Jones is the director of a television company called Panoptic which has just shown its 'Opinions' series on *The Triumphs of Capitalism* on Channel 4. Himself a refugee from BBC corporatism, he says that many of his peers like the new freedom to set up their own companies, but they cannot bear the social harshness of the free entrepreneurs. People like him, and the new media and hi-tech industries are producing a significant group of them, are, he says 'politically schizophrenic.' They'll probably end up voting SDP.

That's a choice many younger people in business are considering, thinks Mark Higson, a manager for a Courtauld's mill in Durham and a member of the CBI's under-35 think group, 'Vision 2010'. Charged with producing a report on what industry needs to do in the next 25 years, its members predictably speak of the need for British business to have a long-term strategy and to plan for its markets. Unlike their elders, the enemy is less the uppity trade union than the lack of strategic thinking on the board and, says Higson, the difficulty of converting long-term plans into management action now. Amongst the immediate needs, the one which he 'feels very strongly about' is ending the symbols of class difference — the separate canteens, car parks, pension and sickness rights. He thinks this view is shared by his peers.

There is nothing new about a campaign to turn management into a classless strategic profession, breaking from the tradition of the gentleman amateur preoccupied with his social status and a quick profit. But while many industrialists see it as the key to Britain's economic recovery, no political party has taken up the issue. The free marketeers can't; the business of becoming a profession means organising for political clout to get the state on your side. Whether that means national economic planning structures, or state support in instituting industrial training schemes, the new right vanguard can give no lead.

It will most likely mean a steady accretion of support from both management and civil service professionals for the SDP, partly because the SDP is, par excellence, the party of professionals, and the party of the people who want to get class politics out of the business of managing society. The Tory loyalists will continue to press for consolidation, which means isolating the Thatcherites as extremists: in this period of highly volatile political affiliation, the arena of shifting alignments is looking all set to move from the left to the right. □



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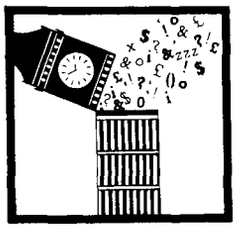

TUC: More horsepower but still too much bullshit

IT IS HARD for otherwise honest and intelligent trade union leaders to say what they really think at the Trades Union Congress. This is not because they have lost the capacity for direct speaking on public platforms (though some have) or because they are stupid (the TUC's general council probably contains more intellectual horsepower today than at any time in its history). It is because almost any honest speech on almost any motion would contain the statement: 'It really does not matter which way you vote. The result will have no effect on the outside world.'

Such a confession would expose union leaders to a host of embarrassing questions from their members. Why do you spend so much time sustaining an institution that is so useless? Why do we have to finance such an exercise in futility? Shouldn't you be back in your offices protecting our interests rather than swanning around at the seaside? It is scarcely surprising that delegates refuse to admit the awkward truth and devote their energies instead to insisting on the significance of their deliberations.

On Monday afternoon a lively debate took place on the role of the electricians' union in helping Rupert Murdoch to publish his newspapers at Wapping. Nobody entering Brighton's conference centre could have been in any doubt that this was the big issue of the day in the view of the demonstrators outside, who chanted distinctly unfraternal slogans about Eric Hammond.

(At one point, shortly before lunch, the chanting stopped. A massive TNT pantechnicon crawled along the seafront, following the slow-moving traffic. TNT is the company that is distributing Murdoch's papers by road, and its lorries were the main targets of the Saturday night demonstrations early in the dispute. As the TNT lorry passed by, the demonstrators gradually turned round to watch. It would not have been difficult to bring it to a halt. Instead the demonstrators simply shouted, impotently and incoherently. Was the lorry's presence planned or coincidental? Either way, its unhindered passage was sadly symbolic of what has happened at Wapping.)

Inside the conference hall, Tony Dubbins of the National Graphical Association had refused to withdraw his motion, despite a request from the TUC's general council to do so. And so the debate took place, resulting in a two-to-one vote variously described as an embarrassment for the TUC and a snub for Norman Willis.

Outside, the demonstrators were jubilant. But what had they achieved? The operative paragraph in the NGA's resolution merely rejected a general council decision last February 'not to issue a directive to the EETPU' that would have required the electricians' union to 'inform' — as opposed to instruct — its members not to work at Wapping. The NGA resolution contained no new directive to the general council. After the debate Willis made it clear to anyone who would listen that he does not intend to do anything as a result of Monday's vote. If there is to be an early end to the dispute, it will be as a result of the negotiations that restarted last week. The TUC debate was irrelevant: the best that can be said is that it did no harm.

PETER KELLNER

In time the same conclusion is likely to apply to the other 'snub for Willis' debate, on nuclear energy. The debate was due to take place after this issue of the *NS* goes to press, but whatever decisions flow from Brighton will matter little. If the TUC were united on one policy and a Labour cabinet decided to do the opposite, Neil Kinnock would have an awkward but manageable problem of presentation. But the TUC is not united on whether Britain's nuclear power stations should be closed down. A close vote, whichever way it goes, is effectively a message to Kinnock: 'Do what you want, you won't get any trouble from us'.

IF THAT seems to be an unduly cynical assessment of the role of Congress, consider what happened last year. Two issues dominated the week: whether the electricians and engineers should be expelled from the TUC for taking government money for ballots; and whether the TUC should campaign for the reinstatement of sacked miners and the reimbursement of fines extracted from the miners union during the coal strike.

This year's 439-page report to Congress from the general council makes sorry reading. The engineers and electricians had clearly violated TUC policy. It was within the power of the TUC to suspend or expel them. Neither happened.

As to the miners, even the most observant TUC-watcher would be hard put to describe the actions taken by the general council to implement last year's resolution. This year's report to Congress adds little enlightenment. It lists meetings, 'wide-ranging discussions' and the TUC's 'public concern' at what the National Coal Board was doing.

Next year's report of this year's Congress, and the follow-up by the general council, is likely to be equally pathetic, especially to those who loathe Eric Hammond and hate nuclear power. Is there, then, any point to what is supposed to be the union movement's supreme decision-making body? If the TUC can't influence the outside world, doesn't discipline members which break the rules, and won't help members in financial difficulty, has it any purpose at all?

The short answer is that the TUC, as distinct from individual unions, only functions constructively when it is seen to speak with the voice of most of the 9.6 million workers it claims to represent. It is for this reason, and not because of Congress's phantom powers, that the really historic moment of the week was the adoption of the TUC-Labour Party statement on industrial relations.

Ever since opinion polls started measuring trade unionists' attitudes, an overwhelming majority have wanted ballots before strikes. As long as the TUC resisted the right of union members to insist on ballots, it was impossible to regard the TUC as the true voice of Britain's workers.

That tide has now turned. The government itself had already kicked away one union-bashing plank, when it forced unions to ballot their members on having political funds — and not a single union dropped by the wayside. Now the TUC has caught up with its members on strike ballots. Barbara Switzer of TASS argued that the issue was not ballots but outside interference in union rules. She was half right: in fact, the argument is about both issues. What has happened in Brighton this week is that the TUC has accepted not only the need for strike ballots, but also the more fundamental point that if trade unions are to have special legal rights, they must also have specific legal duties.

Three years ago the first murmurings in this direction were labelled as the 'new realism'. Within months the government's attempts to ban unions at GCHQ, and the early, optimistic passions of the miners' strike, seemed to consign the 'new realism' to an early grave. Its recovery this year has been remarkable. Gradually it has dawned on union officials that unions need a sensible deal, defining rights and duties, if they are to continue to defend their members. This week's TUC will have been worthwhile if it does no more than persuade sceptical voters of that fact. If it has failed to achieve that, it has not been worthwhile at all. □

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John Sturrock/Network

MARXING TIME

Militant may be down but if the Labour leadership thinks it's out, then they are way off the mark, says MICHAEL CRICK

AFTER MONTHS of investigation into Liverpool, a series of court actions, endless meetings at Walworth Road, and some expulsions, Militant, to the outsider, might seem finished.

Yet Derek Hatton is still Deputy Leader of Liverpool Council. If he is finally deposed it will not be by the Labour leadership, but when Liverpool councillors make their last appeal against surcharge and disqualification. His political future depends not on the NEC but the House of Lords.

Neil Kinnock and Larry Whitty's hours of effort countering Militant, the tens of thousands of pounds of party funds, have done little *in themselves* to harm Militant. The tendency *is* in trouble, yes, but not really because of action by the NEC, far more through its own internal difficulties and the radical realignment of forces on the Left. Militant is finding it increasingly difficult to control its organisation and keep its members while many of its former allies and defenders have deserted.

Throughout the Left it has now become fashionable to attack Militant, especially when there are issues such as black sections on which to do so. Many of the constituencies who have tried to expel individual Militant members cannot be simply dismissed as right-wing parties — Blackburn, Bromsgrove and Faversham, to take just three examples, all voted for Benn, Heffer and Skinner in the 1985 NEC elections.

Many of Militant's problems can be traced back to changes in the tendency's strategy made in the early 1980's when it was coming under attack from Michael Foot. Two important decisions were taken at the 1981 Militant conference in Bridlington. The first was to go for growth, recruit new members as soon as possible, so that it would be increasingly difficult for the Labour leadership to expel people. The traditional months of probationary membership were virtually abandoned: today, joining can take only a few days. 'Get 'em in first, give 'em the line later,' was the philosophy. Such a process has obvious dangers, since members recruited quickly are also more likely to leave quickly. And local full-timers have found it more and more difficult making members pay subscriptions, attend meetings and sell the paper.

The second important decision was to restrict membership of Militant's Central Committee to the tendency's full-time organisers. Out went the long-standing committee members with outside jobs who held important positions in the labour movement — among them Pat Wall, Peter Doyle and Tony Mulhearn all of whom have been involved since the mid-'60s. Their experience and weight was replaced by the inexperienced young full-timers whose only political training was in Labour Party Young Socialists.

Loyal to the end

Without these changes at the top, Militant's tactical errors in Liverpool, and above all the tendency's remarkable alienation of the unions there, would probably have been avoided. By 1984 Militant had built up an impressive coalition of support within the city — the council workforce and the public seemed to be fully behind the tendency's strategy. By 1985 that coalition had been shattered, partly because of decisions which resulted from Militant's desperation to recruit more members, with little political understanding of what the council unions would tolerate. Nothing illustrates this better than the alienation of Liverpool NUPE members by apparent favouritism by the council towards members of other unions. In 1983 NUPE had been the largest union to vote against the expulsion of Militant's Editorial Board; Derek Hatton can expect no support from NUPE in Blackpool next month.

A number of long-established experienced members have left the organisation in political disagreements. Among them, Andrew Glyn, the economics don from Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who served as secretary of Militant's Oxford branch and who was responsible for much of Militant's economic work. Another to quit has been Peter Doyle, a NUPE official who served on the Central Committee for nearly two decades, and who once distinguished himself by getting thrown off the Labour Party National Executive when it was discovered he was two years too old to be the LPYS representative. Both members were unhappy about the way the tendency was going.

But in spite of rumours, there are no concrete signs of any serious *split in Militant's ranks. Indeed, compared with other Trotskyist groups, it is quite remarkable how Militant has managed to avoid any major divisions during its long history. The tendency exacts a remarkable degree of loyalty and dedication from its members, which expulsions and Labour Party discipline will probably reinforce rather than undermine.*

The next few years will have to be a period of consolidation for Militant, biding its time waiting for the 'betrayal' and disillusionment

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which, Militant believes, will inevitably accompany a Neil Kinnock government. It will be difficult to repeat the advances of the past decade. The most serious threat to the tendency comes not from any proposed expulsions but from the proposed reforms in the LPYS — cutting the upper-age limit to 21 and introducing a greater degree of trade union and student influence. Since the late '60s the LPYS has been Militant's powerbase, and no other group has ever come near to challenging Militant's supremacy. The Labour youth section has supplied Militant with a constant stream of new recruits; LPYS branches are treated as part of Militant's organisation, not the Labour Party's and year after year the LPYS National Committee provides Militant with new generations of full-time organisers. But the NEC's suggested reforms are unlikely to loosen Militant's grip on the LPYS completely — only *abolition* of the Young Socialists could do that.

Militant will be happy so long as it maintains its ability to keep in the headlines. In 1984 and 1985 it did so through Liverpool — first the Liverpool enquiry and the Labour NEC's exhausting attempts to deal with Derek Hatton and company, and second, the Liverpool councillors' recurring appeals against surcharge. Then, just as we thought the Liverpool story was over, John Macreadie was elected General-Secretary of the Civil and Public Services Association, only for yet more publicity over the enquiry into the election. Finally came Mr Robert Kilroy-Silk, whose forthcoming book on Militant in Knowsley succeeded in getting two tabloid papers' front page lead stories even beore he announced his resignation as an MP. Both the CPSA and Knowsley stories should keep Militant in the newspapers until the end of the year. And Liverpool is not over yet: if the councillors eventually lose their appeal against disqualification there will be *47 council by-elections* and — judging by the candidates' panel many of the replacement candidates are likely to be Militant members too.

MILITANT SHOWS a remarkable skill at making the most of every opportunity for publicity and spreading the cause. Watch this year's Labour conference, for example. The Liverpool appeals will be only a minor part of Militant's operations in Blackpool. Behind the scenes Militant will again be manoeuvring to get its resolutions and composites debated and speakers to the rostrum. Every evening a Militant caucus decides which tendency delegates will press to speak in which debate the following day, and what they will say. Over the years such meticulous planning has been extremely successful — Tony Mulhearn, for instance, has spoken thirteen times in the past six years. The master at getting to the rostrum, however, is Ray Apps, a member of Militant's Central Committee and invariably delegate from Brighton Kemptown. Since 1981 Apps has spoken at least twice every year. Even more notable is the fact that Militant has organised its forces in the compositing meetings to ensure that every year for the past five years Apps has proposed one of the composite motions. In future it will become increasingly difficult for Militant well-known faces to speak, but that won't stop the tendency's large number of unknown reserves from constituencies who only selected Militant members as delegates because nobody else could go. At some past conferences as many as a quarter of the constituency speeches have come from Militant members.

Now more than thirty years old, the Revolutionary Socialist League, better known as Militant, is now a permanent part of the Labour Party furniture. Uniquely among groups on the Left its politics continues to attract a predominantly working class following who do not drop out once university finals are over. *It will be impossible for Labour to rid itself of Militant altogether. No longer dismissable as a temporary force like the Campaign for Labour Victory or the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy, Militant has now been with us for a generation and will probably be around for another. With its present difficulties the tendency is certainly down, but it is by no means out.*

Michael Crick is a reporter with ITN's Channel 4 News. His book The March of Militant *is published by Faber on September 8th (£4.95).*

YOUNGEST OF THE CROP

CASE PROVEN — EVIDENCE LACKING

The last, and youngest Militant to be expelled from the Labour Party on a 12-8 vote of the national executive at the end of July was 25-year old Cheryl Varley, convenor of the Merseyside Area Students' Organisation and national chairwoman of the Further Education Labour Students (FELS). After the star turns of Derek Hatton and Tony Mulhearn, her expulsion rated little mention. But uniquely, a record of her expulsion was kept — by QUENTIN McDERMOTT, who accompanied her

I WAS INVITED by Cheryl Varley — whom I had met just once before — to attend the hearing as her 'friend', essentially a non-participating observer. The hearing itself was eye-opening. For the expulsion to be credible, the evidence against Ms Varley should have been thorough and pretty well irrefutable, the voting 'fair.' In fact, what evidence there was was at best arguable, at worst flimsy; the voting — with the notable exception of Michael Meacher, who opposed her expulsion — predictably pre-ordained. If anyone was enjoying themselves, it was the left-wingers, who seized every opportunity to expose the weakness of the evidence as presented. The right seemed faintly embarrassed by the whole affair, while Gwyneth Dunwoody, if she was listening at all gave no evidence of it, as she crocheted throughout, never once, according to my tape, pausing to ask a question.

The initial evidence was put forward by Larry Whitty. It included a reference to Cheryl Varley's connection with FELS, which was almost immediately ruled out of order. The connection with FELS was nevertheless raised again, later on, by Neil Kinnock, who wrongly referred to Ms Varley as 'President' of the organisation.

The evidence arrayed against her boiled down to the allegation that she was a 'regular' contributor to *Mersey Militant*, and therefore, in Whitty's words, a 'significant' supporter of Militant. By 'regular', he meant the author of three articles. Cheryl Varley read out each of them, and challenged anyone on the NEC to point out anything which was distinctively different from Labour policy. No one did.

The second piece of evidence was a leaflet called *Militant Student*, which appeared to have been written under Cheryl Varley's name, and which, it was said, had been published and distributed at this year's conference of the National Organisation of Labour Students (NOLS) in March. In her defence, Ms Varley protested that *Militant Student* had been produced by students without her permission or co-operation, and stressed that there were demands in it with which she disagreed.

CRUCIALLY, at no point during the hearing was prima facie evidence presented that Militant exists as a party-within-a-party; still less, that Cheryl Varley is recognisably an active member of such an organisation. Here Labour's problem in 'exposing' Militant as an organisation became all too embarrassingly obvious. Larry Whitty made it clear from the outset that the task, as he saw it, for the Executive was to determine the extent of her involvement by other means. Quoting the Party Conference's definition of Militant as a political organisation with its own programme, principles and policy for distinctive and separate propaganda, but conceding that 'there is no membership list of the Militant organisation,' he stressed that the Executive had to judge from her activities the degree of her involvement.

In her submission, Cheryl Varley maintained that she had not broken the rules of the Constitution, said she did not intend to do so, and stressed that she did not give regular financial contributions to Militant, did not organise for Militant, and did not intend to do either in the future. She submitted: 'It's my

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duty to defend those who defend education — and in Liverpool that's been the Council.' She was also at pains to quote former Labour Party General Secretary Jim Mortimer who, at the time of the previous Militant expulsions in 1983, said that the constitutional purposes satisfy a number of criteria. It should seek to include the central organising group, but not to include a wider circle of supporters. It should not preclude Labour Party members from reading, selling, purchasing, publishing or writing for newspapers, including the *Militant*. She stressed: 'I do not make regular donations to the Militant finances, and the only organising I do is for the Labour Party, and for the National Union of Students.'

She detailed how, in her period of office, Liverpool's FE students had won free nursery provision throughout the FE sector, free meals, free transport, free stationery and books, an increase in the students' union budgets, an increase in grants — particularly for students with children — and financing for sabbatical officers to be elected in every college in Liverpool. 'That might not mean much to some members of this NEC, because some members of this NEC might not have experienced what it's like to be an unemployed student, trying to get through further education, but it means a lot to the young people of Liverpool', she said.

ON A MORE personal level, Cheryl Varley was equally passionate, charting her own course through politics from her birth in Wakefield, Yorkshire, 'where a right-wing Labour council knocked down our house as part of a fiddle with the construction industry', to her move to Toxteth 10 years ago, her disillusionment with the last Labour government, and eventual decision to join Labour in 1983. 'I'd known poverty all my life', she said. 'I'd always been aware of the inequality that faces working people under the capitalist system.' As a parent, she spoke of the horrors of worrying about 'whether our children will face the choice of cheap heroin, or cheap labour.' And she promised to work harder than Neil to get 'Neil' into Number Ten, 'because I need, and my family needs a Labour government.'

Cheryl Varley's most vocal supporters were, naturally enough, Tony Benn, Dennis Skinner and Eric Heffer. Tony Benn told her he looked forward to the day she would be readmitted 'which you will be of course, because the ideas you have put forward are much, much stronger than the ideas that are now coming out of the Labour Party National Executive Committee.' And Dennis Skinner raised the only real laugh of the day, pointing out that she was the youngest 'of the latest crop', assuring her that she really had made an impact by being expelled after only three years, but adding 'I don't want this to go to your head unduly . . .'

At the end of the hearing, Cheryl Varley asked to be allowed to hear the verdict in person from the Executive — not to have it relayed to her, as the others had, by a 'messenger-boy'. The request was turned down. The messenger-boy turned out to be Larry Whitty, who told her somewhat sheepishly that the case against her had been deemed 'proven'. □

FROM GIRO FODDER TO GUN FODDER

On Sunday the first in the series of the *Monocled Mutineer* began on the BBC. Here, IAN WILLIAMS shares a pint with its author, Alan Bleasdale — do gooder, football fan and ambassador from Liverpool

ALAN BLEASDALE is — in his own words — a 'Romantic Socialist'. 'That's not a bad thing' he claims, 'most Romantics are hopelessly reactionary. All I ever wanted is to be good, and to do good, a social worker really, and that's a swear word with some people'.

It's a long way from the desperation of Yosser in the Black Stuff to the bloated decline of *Elvis*, now getting rave reviews in New York. But Alan Bleasdale sees a direct connection between the two, and the unlikely subject of his current TV series, *The Monocled Mutineer*, which he says is probably his last TV work for three or four years.

'They're all about victims' he said. 'And victims don't have to be saints. Graham Greene said in the *Heart of the Matter* something about how any victim demands an allegiance. It's the same system has made victims of them whether they're gun fodder or giro fodder.' The central character in *Monocled Mutineer*, Private Toplis, adopts the clothes and persona of a dead officer: the book, by William Allison and Jon Fairlie, is based on the real life of Private Toplis, a First World War stretcher bearer.

Bleasdale's unfazed by academic doubts about the authenticity of the Toplis tales. 'I've written about the truth, not necessarily the facts. The truth is more important.

'I feel personally about the First World War. We've still got the last letter from my grandfather, who was killed in it three months before my father was born, asking for the kid to be called George if it was a boy. He knew he wasn't coming back.'

The series was first mooted in 1981, when the BBC sent him a copy of the Allison/Fairlie book. 'I'd been putting them off, but the book arrived in the second post, and by four o'clock I'd read it and was on the phone pestering them to start.'

The project was put on ice for a while because 'they were trying to do an action replay of WWI with three actors on Southport sands', and Alan wouldn't have it. But the spirit of the Somme and the white feather was resurrected the following year in the South Atlantic. He quotes Borges approvingly about it being like two bald men fighting over a comb. 'I'd read about the first war, about how they'd screen off the boats bringing the maimed, gassed and blinded back, so the raw outward bound recruits wouldn't see them. One account said that from behind the screens they were shouting. 'Don't go, lads! You don't know what it's like!' Well when the Falklands ships came back — it was exactly the same, the wounded screened off so they wouldn't tarnish the glory'.

In the end the BBC came back with an increased budget, and he set to work. 'It was an obsession, all my best work is obsessive. I mean, I watch *Brookside*, but I couldn't write it! As far as I can see, it was thanks to Michael Grade. He'd read the script and said publicly, it was the finest script for TV he'd ever seen.' It was still a very tight budget — 'But the BBC are great at these things. It looks like some thirty million pound Hollywood spectacular.'

'SOME HISTORIANS say Toplis was a sort of composite myth, a combination of two or three people. But like I said, the story's true, not factual. In fact, Toplis isn't my voice, even though Paul McGann is brilliant in the part. Yosser wasn't speaking with my voice in the *Black Stuff*, it was Chrissy Todd, and in the *Mutineer* it's Charles Strange, pacifist, radical and deserter. He shares all my beliefs, passions and ideals.

'I needed Strange to compensate for Toplis's bleakness, brutality and cruelty, but at the same time I wanted to show what Toplis could have been, if it weren't for an equally brutal society, a human being of kindness, and generosity of spirit.'

A keen football fan, who dated the Falklands War by its being the year of the World Cup, Alan cited Graham Souness to prove his point. 'Personally, he's a warm-hearted and generous person, then after a bit of trouble on a Scottish football field all those fans expect to see someone with sharpened studs on his boots.'

He's almost worried about the fanfares of publicity, 'You get scared when you're looked after so well. People may expect a cross between *Citizen Kane* and *War and Peace*. People expected nothing from the *Black Stuff* and got more than they bargained for, but with the *Monocled Mutineer*, they may expect more than they're getting'.

For someone who started explaining Liverpool to the world, did the move to wider subjects imply the leaving of Liverpool? 'There's no way I can leave. None of my family will, and even though I pay more rates than Michael Parkinson, I've got a home I couldn't afford in London. At the same time, I don't get that much inspiration from the streets of the city. Not that I ever did; I'm such a man of the people, I've never been on a bus for 15 years. It's a great myth that playwrights hang around bars hearing pearls of wisdom to inspire them. Playwrights hang around bars because they've got a drink problem. Do you want a drink?' □

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CLICHÉS INTO THOUGHT

MICHAEL MEACHER replies to Roy Hattersley's charge (last week) of 'intellectual inadequacy' against Labour's left wing

ROY HATTERSLEY'S hitting at Vladimir Derer is a matter for Mr Derer (who is quite capable of defending himself) but his castigation of the left as 'intellectually inadequate' I baulk at.

It's true that in the past the left has over-sloganised three issues, crudely identified by their initials as the AES, EEC and CND. But the mood today is of much more thoughtful analysis which, if less visible because it isn't reducible to a few catchy phrases, is distinctly more profound.

The central concern is what it has always been — the huge inequality in the exercise of power and use of wealth, the injustice of class divisions which still grossly distort individual opportunity, and the struggle against oppression whether in our own society or, more particularly, in many countries overseas. Capitalism means a system where control is vested in a few hands and is so often used to exploit. Socialism means placing control over people's lives more and more in their own hands.

A new objective is therefore the extension and radicalisation of democracy. The four main centres of power in Britain today remain the City of London, the boardrooms of the big multinational corporations, the civil service and the media. None of these can seriously be said to be subject to democratic influence. Ironically, but no doubt predictably, it is the trade unions, whose power has been shorn but whose democratic traditions run deep, that have been forced to produce certain democratic credentials by a Tory party that has virtually no internal democracy whatsoever.

But if balloting of union members is right before a strike, why isn't balloting of company employees required before big investment decisions or major changes in production technology are introduced? If direct balloting is necessary to elect union executives why shouldn't directors of the bigger companies be subject to election by their employees at least on an equal basis with the shareholders? One can take the argument further. If reselection of MPs is right as a check on the exercise of power, shouldn't there also be some similar holding to account of other powerful people like police officers, civil servants or magistrates?

There are dozens of areas of public life where power, untrammelled by democratic constraints, is distorted by the dead hand of tradition, self-selecting oligarchies, class prejudice, monetary privilege, a quango patronage *à la* Thatcher. The role of socialism is to open up such dark areas to the searching light of democracy.

In the case of the big companies that dominate the economy, it means making a reality of the often-talked-about but never-yet-implemented goal of industrial democracy — not in the mechanical form of the Bullock report, but in the more flexible and pervasive form of joint control at plant level between management and worker representatives covering investment, product development, staffing and new technology.

For the City it means much closer public supervision of the financial institutions. The Bank of England, while still nominally nationalised, has long been rather a proponent of the City within Whitehall than a regulator of the banking system on behalf of the legislature.

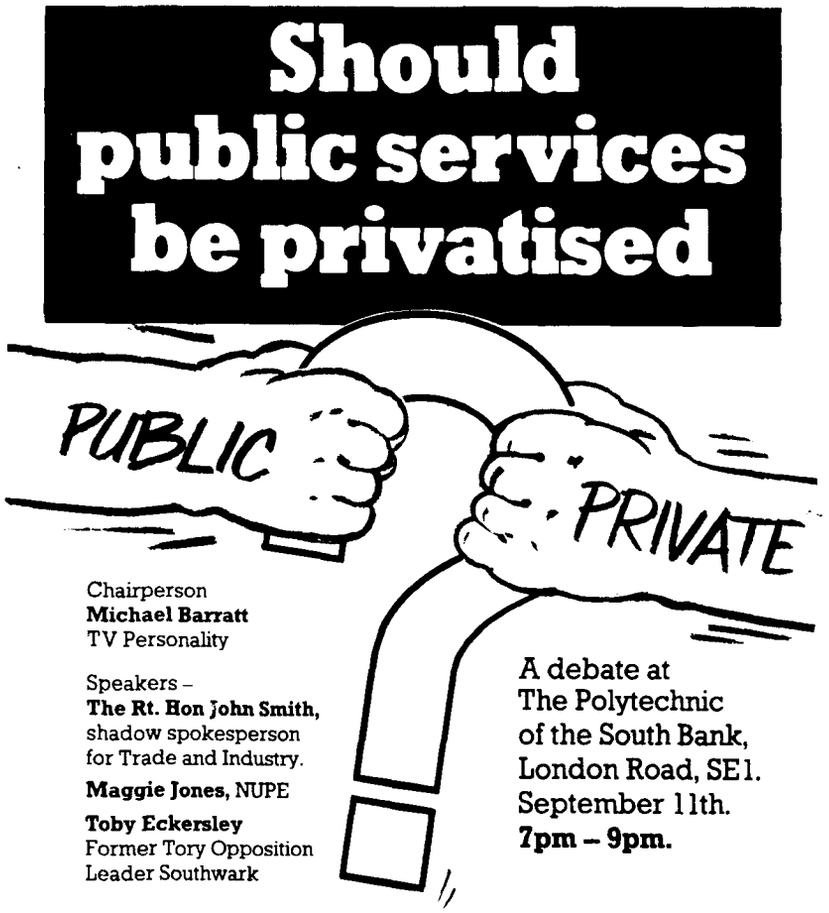
Democratising the civil service certainly includes a Freedom of Information Act which, talked out endlessly for 20 years, must now be *done*. But it also includes giving elected ministers, who are after all the inheritors of a successful ballot, the right to choose top officials most suited to their mandate (Sir Jack Rampton as Permanent Secretary to Tony Benn was a ludicrous situation).

Democratising the media is no less important. Neither control by the state nor domination by tycoons is right. The new technology does open up the field to new entrants at lower cost, but other instruments are needed too, especially a right of reply with equal space and equal prominence and a revamped statutory Press Council with power to enforce fair and impartial standards.

NONE OF THIS means that the left isn't as acutely concerned as anybody else to achieve an efficient and dynamic economy. Of course public ownership has a major role to play in any sensible running of the economy, though the form is at least as important as the principle — not the Morrisonian monolith, but carefully chosen and properly supported co-operative enterprises, initiatives costed and funded by local enterprise boards, worker buy-outs, and the like. But it also means facing up to the fact that at least as important as ownership is the quality of management and the nature of industrial relations. For the last 20 years the debate has concentrated almost exclusively on the trade unions. It's time our movement turned the searchlight on management and developed means to weed out whatever is not up to standard, which costs output, jobs and lost national competitiveness.

Such an alternative approach to the economy is desperately needed — neither a return to the complacent consensus of the 1960s and 70s, nor the endless class confrontation of Thatcher. Alongside this is needed a more dynamic vision of the welfare state so that it's no longer seen as merely picking up casualties (let alone sheltering scroungers) but as an *enabling* device in adversity to launch people again on their own two feet.

It is a sizeable left programme. Unlike my colleague Roy, I would not castigate the right as 'intellectually inadequate'. But a statement of *their* goals and programme would not come amiss. □



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Paula Allen

Now they keep their possessions in prams: like Cruise itself, Greenham women can mobilise and disperse at a moment's notice

NO LONGER LIVING IN FEAR

On the fifth anniversary of Greenham Common peace camp, LYNNE JONES, herself a camp veteran, talks to old stalwarts and new arrivals

Yellow Gate

THE LANDSCAPE has changed. At first there was grass, neat shrubs and verges as in any suburban park, and the women lived in caravans. So they covered the grass with rocks and earth and towed away the caravans. But the women built benders with wood and plastic, weighed down with the rocks. So they tore down the benders and dug up the rocks and widened the road and passed a new law that forbade anyone to build benders. So the women slept out in the open.

And now the bailiffs come to move the women themselves, two or three times a day for the last two years. And still the women stay, not only here but all round the base. Their few possessions are piled in prams and vans, easy to move quickly. Some sleep in the bright red, quick-to-put-up tents, donated by the Quakers, others in Gortex sleeping bags or under quickly strung plastic sheeting. Now they plan to extend the base itself to enclose this small piece of land. Perhaps they have not noticed that the women can simply move across the road.

The most profound effect however is not on the landscape but on the lives of the women themselves. In her five years association with the camp, Helen, a former midwife and mother of five children, has ended her marriage, come out as a lesbian and consequently had to struggle with her ex-husband for access to her youngest children: 'I think he was quite fearful they would learn that there were other ways of living from me. The children themselves went through a phase when they were unhappy about my life. I don't suppose they are delighted with it now but they accept that it's right for me and they know that I care about them. More important the younger ones are not going to grow up regarding lesbians with horror. They don't see as much of me as they would like but I can't do the political work I'm involved with *and* raise my sons. Other women can, I admire them for it.'

Not surprisingly her political focus has also changed. 'When I first got involved it was very directly because of the missiles. Now I feel that the real problem is getting men to make the fundamental changes that are necessary to allow women to live safely.' She points to the rapes of three women at Molesworth allegedly by men involved in the peacecamp as an indication of the urgent need for the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament to raise the issue of male violence.

Rebecca, who has lived at the camp for the last four years, sees her views 'tempered' rather than changed: 'My commitment to feminism – women have a different approach and I've given up trying to convince men that what we say is right. Women need to put energy into the changes they are making for themselves because they're changing faster and with greater understanding. That's where the hope lies. And I've learnt to trust revolutionary non-violence. I used to be much more accommodating. Now I don't accept that non-violence can ever be passive. It has to be

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active and challenging both to oneself and to the thing that you're opposing, because it's an opposing force.

I'm tireder than I used to be; I've never worked so hard in my life as in the last four years. There's part of me that longs to turn my back on the struggle and just go and do something else. But I certainly don't feel I've sacrificed anything to be at Greenham. I've learnt so much about myself and about other women.'

Lesley, who left the camp in 1983 still sees it as having changed her life in a way that nothing else has: 'The most important thing about the camp for me was the way it energised and strengthened me to work elsewhere. I'm much more confident, I understand issues more clearly and trust my own judgement. Nor am I prepared to be put down or belittled when working in mixed groups. Greenham was a spring board and an eye-opener for me, it made me much more politically aware – not just on the peace issue.

It brought my husband and son together. They have always had a very conflict-ridden relationship and I'd always mediated. While I was away they had an enormous and cathartic confrontation — yelling at each other on their knees through the cat-flap after my husband threw by son out. Their relationship's grown from there. They now get on incredibly well and love each other very much. It wouldn't have happened if I had been there.'

None of the women regretted their involvement and all of them saw the camp as continuing to be effective both in directly confronting Cruise and keeping a constant watch on the base as well as empowering other women. The base has cut back its exercises by 25 per cent this year, Helen pointed out. Recently a *Mail on Sunday* article under headlines of *98 Missiles and 1 Woman* had bemoaned the absence of the thousand's of women who 'Embraced the Base' in 1982. The article completely failed to understand that the action was organised by a tiny group of women living in appalling conditions.

Rebecca remarked 'It wouldn't be appropriate to call such an action now, not because of a lack of support but because women are far too involved in their own communities in a way they hadn't realised was possible before that action. About once a year I go through a real struggle with myself as to whether I can face another winter at Greenham. Wouldn't it be nice to earn a bit of money and couldn't I be just as politically effective elsewhere. But if I was involved in any kind of political work I'd have to live somewhere and be involved locally and I can go out from here to be involved in other areas such as the Links campaign*. This is my home. And I do get something important from living here: a sense of community — from being involved with the struggles we have to engage in everyday; both among ourselves as women struggling for our own freedom and the visible persistence of our struggle against the base, the courts, local prejudice — and from seeing how all these things have changed.'

Certainly change has not been confined to the women who have lived at the camp. The deployment of Cruise turned local peace activists overnight from 'supporters' of Greenham women — to active resisters. At the beginning Peg who lived with her forester husband in a tied cottage a few miles from the base 'admired but didn't get really involved.' After deployment she suddenly realised she was in a position to track them whenever they went out and that's what she has been doing ever since. She acts as a bridge between Cruisewatch — which continues to grow in effectiveness — and the camp: 'The convoy passes my door almost every time it goes out and even though I'm busy with the telephone tree and the radio, my husband and I never let it actually pass without taking the banner out. It might seem a small gesture by two pensioners but if you do nothing it is taken as assent.' She has watched her family become increasingly involved with the camp. Her daughter sleeps up there. Her grandson speaks up for the women in his local school. 'I used to think how lucky people were who could sell up and get away from the base. I don't feel that now, I'm proud to have the women as my friends and that if this evil had to be, it's here, so that at least I can play a positive part. It occupies almost the whole of my life.'

Local mobilisation

Newbury Campaign against the Missiles, her local peace group, have not found it so easy. The group can't switch off like other groups. 'You can see the bunkers when you go shopping. So how can you forget?' Peg explained. 'Half would like to focus on other issues like other groups further away. But Cruise is here and if anything's to be done about it, it's us that has to do it. You're either for it or against it.'

The town itself has always in the past preferred to hedge its bets by decrying the women rather than acknowledging the base. Gradually, Rebecca felt, it is dawning on people what the base actually means: 'From having drunken servicemen shipped home without standing trial for the damage they've done; from having sirens wail and Cruise thunder by their doors, from having houses flooded as happened last week because of excavations on the base . . .' And, of course, the bombing of Libya frightened people. Rebecca together with five US and British women went into RAF Welford in protest at the use of the cluster bombs kept there. At their trial afterwards, not only did the prosecuter apologise to Rebecca for the police trying to hide the injuries done to her knee, but the magistrate ordered police to return documents stolen from her car and the whole case was written up honestly and at length in the local paper — all unprecedented events in Newbury.

AND NEW WOMEN continue to come. There is Donna who drove past the camp while in the Territorial Army in 1983 and thought she'd 'really much rather be on the other side of the road.' She thought of getting out but didn't like the idea of being courtmartialled. She arrived at the beginning of August this year, saw the convoy and decided to stay. 'I thought I should at least put as much energy on this side of the fence as I put in on the other.'

There is Anna, who came in December having caught 'Greenhamitis' from a friend and gave up her job as a shop assistant to come down regularly. 'I feel happy and wanted. You can be yourself and don't have to be cheerful. Can you imagine standing beside a till all day? At the moment it feels like I am leading a double life. Old friends know but they don't understand. I'm not interested in drinking and going to clubs anymore. I want something more meaningful in life, and there is that here. When you see total destruction on one side and birds and trees on the other, you realise how precious it is.'

The words are familiar, yet the women are just as impossible to stereotype as they have always been. And they come in spite of the fact that police and army violence towards them continues to increase, and in spite of the fact that the camp is harder place to live. Or perhaps it is because of it. 'Obviously,' Rebecca pointed out, 'when you've been evicted two sometimes three times a day, it's no longer a question of "I've built my bender and it's safe and cosy for the next few months, so I may as well stay here." Every woman is confronted daily with whether she wants to move back onto the land. The women who live here now have a stronger commitment to co-operate amongst themselves than before.'

'There's this myth that the old guard were acceptable and the new guard aren't,' Helen said. 'People always want to see the "Good old Days" as the best. Yet I don't remember a time when there was ever complete acceptance of women at the camp. The women associated with the camp now are so clear and sure of their personal politics in a way we never were because we just tottered on to the scene and didn't have the confidence. These women came straight out of school with no jobs available and are politicised from day one.'

And there's something else. While in five years the idea of women organising separately at a political level has not yet become acceptable, it has at least become an established fact, and non-violent direct action is seen as a valid tactic in a way that we would have found hard to imagine at that time, as the recent actions against NIREX demonstrate. The arguments for and against bubble away but no longer theaten to split the peace movement. It is Greenham that has helped to create this sort of climate so that the women who come today no longer have to spend their time justifying themselves or fighting for political space. They can get on with what they came to do, confronting the base and the issues it raises.

Five years ago the women who arrived at Greenham stressed their 'political' naiveté and their fear for the future. They spoke in apocalyptic terms of the need to inform the public of the threat of nuclear war before it was too late. Now the public are better informed. As Rebecca pointed out, given the damage we've already done to ourselves and our environment, it may still be too late. However the women at the camp today do not seem frightened of the future. On the contrary, they hope that they can change it. □

*The Links campaign grew out of the connections made between miners' wives and Greenham women, who together with Friends of the Earth and Greenpeace, look jointly at the issues of nuclear power, nuclear weapons and coal communities.

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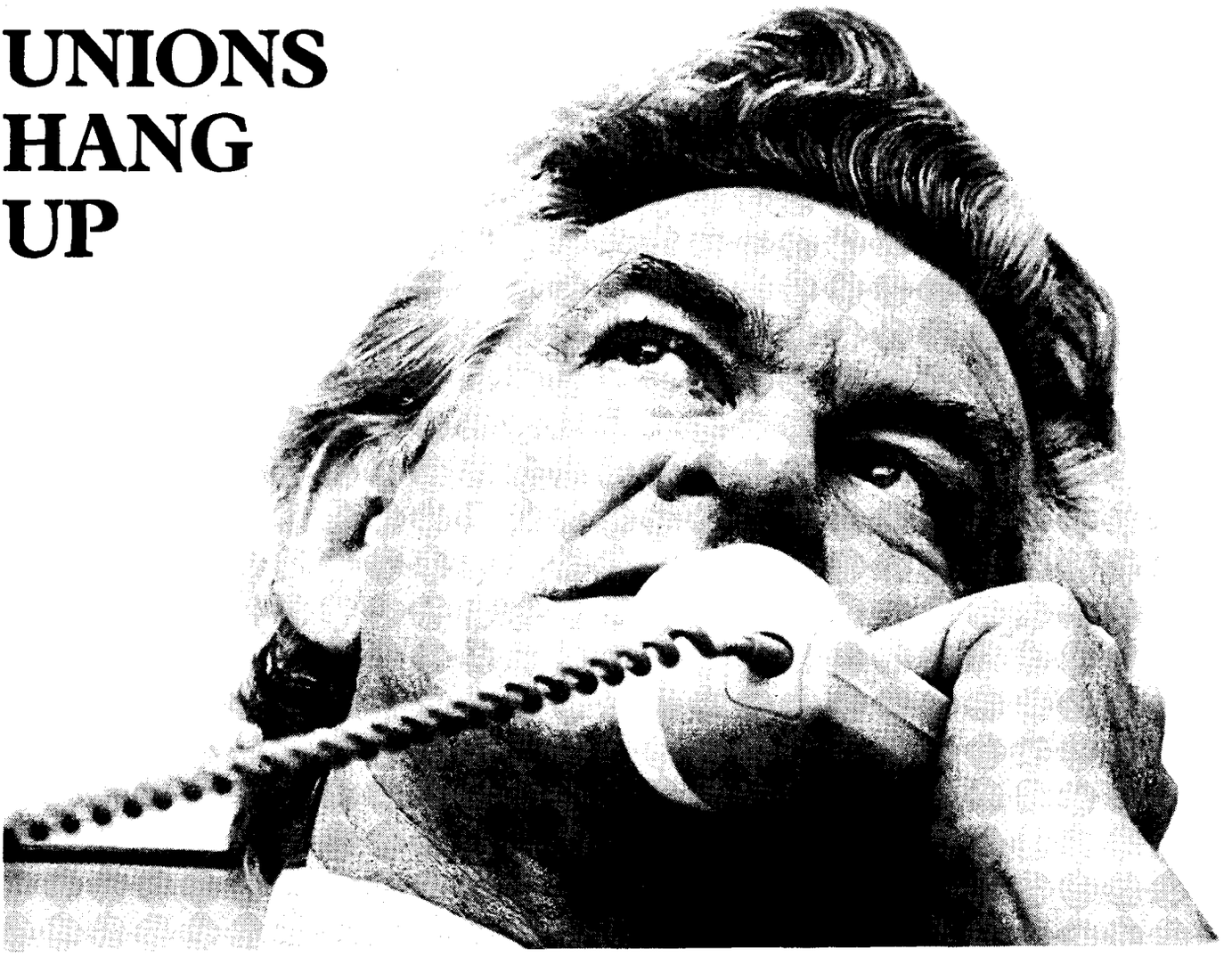
UNIONS HANG UP



Camera Press

How should a left-wing government battered by world markets avoid alienating its working-class support? ROY GREEN reports

SOCIALIST or labour parties which find themselves in power during hard times find themselves trapped in a cruel vice: the remedial measures which they adopt usually impact most heavily on those who constitute their electoral and activist base — organised labour. So it was with Britain's last Labour government; with the French Socialist government; and now, with the Australian Labor government, led by Bob Hawke.

In the aftermath of Hawke's austerity budget of August, the Australian labour movement is in some turmoil. A day of 'national mobilisation' against the Budget measures is planned for 17 September, to be supported by 14 major unions, including the powerful metalworkers, and a range of community organisations. It will also have the backing of leading figures on the left of the Australian Labor Party (ALP) including — possibly — one member of the cabinet, social security minister Brian Howe.

The Australian Council of Trade Unions (ACTU) will hold a special conference of affiliated unions in October to discuss the future of the 'accord' with the Labor government. 'No one is calling for the scrapping of the accord', ACTU president Simon Crean told the *New Statesman*. Nor he said, will there be any 'irresponsible campaign': the objective is to reach a 'united position' and to continue negotiations with the government through the 'accord processes'. It will not be easy.

The pressure is now intense: three years of self-imposed restraint have built up a steam akin to that in the British labour movement of the late seventies. A scattering of very bad by-election results in usually safe seats has further turned the screw. Can Australian democratic socialism survive a policy of economic rigour?

THE AUSTRALIAN DOLLAR has fallen 30 per cent in the last 18 months. The budget was a dyke thrown up against it. Despite half-hearted bids to diversify Australia's economy, it remains dependent on primary exports. So when international commodity prices collapsed, the balance of payments quickly followed, leaving a gap which could only be filled by external borrowing.

Now, *over a third* of Australia's export income is siphoned off to service its growing debt, compared with eight per cent just five years ago. This is higher than during the 1930s depression and, ominously, puts the country in a debt trap of Latin American proportions: the Australian dollar is becoming known as the 'Pacific peso'.

The pattern is familiar. The international banks want Australia to tighten its belt, demanding a reduction in the Budget deficit from $5.7 billion to $4 billion. The government has obliged with an even lower projected figure of $3.5 billion, achieved by slashing spending and deferring promised tax cuts.

The banks have also demanded a further round of pay restraint. Again, the government has obliged with a proposal for 'wage discounting' of 2 per cent in the forthcoming national wage discussions. Finally, in the move which caused most dismay among Labor's activists, the government reversed its policy banning uranium exports to France. The justification was crude but publicly effective — every penny counts and if we don't sell it to them, someone else will.

Yet *still* the markets are not satisfied. After rising slightly with the Budget announcement, the Australian dollar has fallen back again. According to brokers in London and New York, the growth forecasts in the Budget are 'unrealistically optimistic'. Labor's puzzled treasurer Paul Keating wondered aloud what

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was the point of all this depreciation if the markets did not accept that it would lead to exports and growth. *The point, replied the brokers, is to get even bigger pay cuts.*

ON ITS election in 1983, Labor's catchphrase was 'Bringing Australia together'. Now it's 'Restraint with equity'. Soon, says John Halfpenny, secretary of the metalworkers in Victoria, it will be 'Restraint fullstop'. The whole financial sector has been deregulated, adds Chris White, assistant secretary of South Australia's Trades & Labor Council (TLC). 'What the employers will want next is a deregulated labour market'.

Indeed, employment minister Ralph Willis made just that case to the TLC executive last month, warning that the labour market would be the number one target of the opposition Liberals should they manage to claw their way back into power. He urged the TLC, to no avail, to withdraw a statement heavily critical of the Budget measures. 'We had no choice', he told them. 'Neither do we', laments Chris White.

But already, employers are taking matters into their own hands, transporting back to Australia the Wapping-style industrial relations climate promoted by their fellow countrymen abroad. The mining giant Peko Wallsend has just sacked its 1,100 strong workforce in the remote north-west, and offered to rehire them individually on a new contract of employment which does away with 'restrictive work practices'. The Australian management is now defying orders for their reinstatement, much to the consternation of Peko Wallsend's Japanese owners.

Learning from last time

The Labor government is watching these developments helplessly, as its social base gets squeezed out not just by *international* capital but also by the aggressive home-grown variety. The previous government's anti-union legislation remains on the statute book, and employers have rediscovered the joys of common law actions outside Australia's unique arbitration system.

There is, however, *some* good news for the unions. Hawke and Willis have promised new legislation, following a detailed inquiry conducted last year under Professor W. K. Hancock. The bad news, however, is that its path may be blocked by the centre-right Australian Democrats, who hold the balance of power in the Senate: they exercised their veto power over labour legislation soon after Hawke became premier in 1983.

HAWKE'S HISTORY has been — we should remind ourselves — a remarkable success story: he appeared to have learned all the necessary lessons from the experience of his forerunner, Gough Whitlam, Labor premier from 1972-75. In his account of the period*, Whitlam writes: 'the industrial wing of the Labor movement worked against its own long-term interests and those of the parliamentary wing. It inadvertently hastened the electoral demise of my government through the promotion of wage-push inflation.'

Whitlam and his treasurer Frank Crean tried and failed to negotiate a pay pact with the then ACTU president — Bob Hawke. When Hawke became leader of the party, however, he had no such problems with Crean's son, Simon, who had taken over as president of ACTU, though the latter lacked none of the toughness of his predecessor. Whitlam substitutes irony for analysis: 'Crean himself wistfully commented that he wished Hawke had given him as much assistance in negotiating a prices and incomes accord as his son had given Hawke'.

Profits bonanza

Hawke himself drew a more hard-headed conclusion from the experience. It was that such an accord would have to be prepared in opposition and cover much more than wages if it was to stand a chance of success. Unlike Britain, Australia still has a centralised system of wage determination, which made this approach possible. An agreement on pay was therefore reached as part of a wider package of industrial relations law reform, industry policy, occupational health and safety and improvements in the 'social wage'.

Yet although Australia's unions have delivered *their* side of the bargain, the employers refuse to channel the resources released by pay restraint into investment. 'Unit labour costs have been cut by seven per cent since 1983, and profits have risen to a 20 year high', says George Campbell, assistant national secretary of the metalworkers and prominent left wing member of the ALP federal executive.

'The government's policies were supposed to create an environment in which investment would take place, but it has *not* taken place', concedes a disappointed Simon Crean. Instead of investing at home, employers are using profits to finance a takeover boom and overseas investment. Only in steel and heavy engineering has the government's tripartite approach to industry restructuring made any progress.

Now, according to John Halfpenny, the Budget will make a bad situation even worse by 'driving the economy into deeper recession'. That is why, he says, 'this Budget will not be the last word as far as the unions are concerned'.

NOR WILL it be the last word for the Labor Party. The decision to resume uranium exports, while objectionable in itself, is even more symbolic of the government's flagrant disregard for policies reaffirmed at the biennial conference only weeks before. As soon as the decision was announced, Bob Hogg, a widely respected centre-left strategist and one of Hawke's closest advisers, dramatically resigned.

It would be fruitless, however, to draw any immediate parallels with the British Labour left's response to the 1976 'austerity' Budget and their rise to influence in the wake of electoral defeat. There is no comparable focus of opposition in the Australian party at any level. (Though Hawke himself is in danger of creating one: the uranium vote, for example, was very close in the parliamentary 'caucus' and has begun to galvanise local constituencies and pressure groups).

The coming negotiations between the Labor government and unions will be the most difficult yet. The government will have one eye on the money markets and another on the electorate. The ACTU will do its best to play a constructive and responsible role, but its freedom for manoeuvre is limited by an increasingly restless grass roots membership. Both sides are well aware that a born-again Thatcherite opposition is waiting to seize its chance.

In the course of his presidential address to the ACTU congress of September 1973, Bob Hawke carefully distanced himself from the Whitlam government's economic policies:

> However large the part played by our individual affiliates and by the ACTU itself in the election of the federal Labor government, that does not put us in permanent political check to our colleagues in government. The price we were paying for the occupancy of the treasury benches by an anti-Labor government was extraordinarily high — but no higher price could be paid than the absolute loss of integrity involved for the industrial movement in its becoming the automatic guarantors and endorsers of every action and policy decision of Labor in government. Such a position should be degrading for us and dangerous for them.

Where the accord stops and degradation begins will be decided not by the money markets, nor by Simon Crean or Bob Hawke, but by Australia's notoriously volatile workforce, showing its traditional disrespect for economists. □

*The Whitlam Government 1972-75; *Viking, 1985*

AUSTRIA FORGETS

KURT'S MENTAL BLOCK

Why couldn't Waldheim admit to his unheroic record? GITTA SERENY on a nation's refusal to 'remember' — and come to terms with — its past

A SEMINAR ON 'the repression of memory' might have no more significance than a session in a psychiatric convention. But the seminar I attended with that title in the lovely village of Alpbach in the Austrian Tyrol last week was much more than that: its subject went to the very heart of the nightmare of the past which has risen to haunt Austrians since, and in part because of, the campaign and election of Dr Kurt Waldheim as state president earlier this year.

The session was a last-minute addition to a two-week programme of the European Forum, since the war the most prestigious of the annual European think-tanks. A thousand

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people — professors and students from many countries and disciplines — come to Alpbach each August: the main lecture hall was full to bursting that night. The initiator and chairman of the occasion was the writer and publisher Fritz Molden, vice-president of the Austrian college which organises the yearly event. He and his brother Otto Molden, co-founders (in 1945) of the Alpbach forum, are members of an exclusive small 'club' — the genuine Austrian *Widerständler* (resisters) to the Nazis, all of whom spent time in camps and prisons and many of whom did not survive.

Fritz Molden has a special link with Waldheim: at 21 he became personal assistant to Austria's first post-war foreign minister, 34-year old Karl Gruber, whom he had met as a fellow resister under the Nazis. When Waldheim, then 28, applied in 1946 to enter the foreign service — presenting a curriculum vitae with excellent qualifications (and incidentally his full war-time service 5 August 1939 to 9 May 1945 in France, Russia and the the Balkans) Fritz Molden Olden was ordered by his minister to hurry across to the Vienna offices of the OSS to see if anything was known against this promising candidate. The Americans gave Waldheim a clean slate, and *that* was the beginning of his career.

It is perhaps all the more remarkable that Molden, who loyally supported Waldheim throughout the traumatic events last year — although not without severe doubts of conscience and continuous attempts (to which I can personally attest) to get Waldheim to go further in his statements — should have initiated this seminar in Alpbach. Unfortunately, to the main subject 'The blocking of memory,' was added a lengthy sub-title 'Truth, lies and legends about democracy, fascism and National Socialism'.

The speakers — three of them academics of considerable standing — either did not grasp or instinctively avoided addressing the main issue, despite a plea to the contrary by Fritz Molden: a really remarkable demonstration of repression. Instead they concentrated — perhaps with relief — on the subtitles, riding away on their various hobby-horses, whether on the methodology of archiving, a potted history on the prevalence of mass-murder long before Hitler in the 20th century (thus, certainly unintentionally, providing an apologia for Hitler's murders), or an attack on the political purposes of the Soviet Union, which, philospher Ernst Tobiotsch claimed, was creating neo-Nazism in the West where none existed, because it served its political goals.

All this might or might not have been true — but it was beside the point. The only one who came even close to addressing himself, albeit only marginally, to the theme, was a young Marxist political scientist from Innsbruck, Professor Anton Pelinka, who at least in his concluding remarks referred critically to Austria's recent political-civic record. But he had already fatally confused the issue by a long attack on the Nuremberg 'trial by victors' and a rambling dissertation on the Nazis' basic desire for self-destruction — a *really* abstruse theory about Hitler who certainly till 1945 was convinced he would and in fact came terrifyingly close to creating his new Europe. We are asked now to forget *how* close.

Camera Press

Austrian President Kurt Waldheim, who nearly said: 'Yes , I did know what was happening.' But chose to block his memory

Perhaps Pelinka's contribution was the greatest disappointment to the hundreds who had come, because of several excellent articles he had written during the crisis last year. One of the articles, entitled *Waldheim in us* reflected with cogency and candour — an aspect much neglected by the world's media at the time — the profound sadness many Austrians felt, and was a model of its kind. But he too was caught, this night, by the blocking mechanism which, all along, determined Waldheim's own conduct and that of so many Austrians, particularly of this generation.

'The blocking of memory' said psychoanalyst Professor Leupold-Löwenthal, chairman of the Vienna Society of Psychoanalysts and president of the Sigmund Freud Association, 'is very simply the inability of the mind to take issue and deal with an experience which is unacceptable to the mind or spirit. It is very dangerous', he said, 'to block the mind: dangerous for the individual, his environment, but — also in the context that has not yet even been touched upon tonight — to the whole community'.

Austria as a community, said Fritz Molden, was handed democracy on a plate at the end of the war: it didn't work or suffer for it. 'The Moscow declaration of 1945', he said, 'established us as the first victims of the Nazis. It was, of course a gift from heaven. We accepted it. Who wouldn't have? But very soon we used it as a justification, feeling ourselves to be — quite wrongly — a special case, and this was our first mistake which we then compounded over the months and years as the first euphoria turned into something much graver: self-deception'.

The real tragedy of Waldheim's situation is that he had a unique chance of breaking through this blockage and thereby not only saving his own integrity but more importantly, the 'health' in the psychiatric sense of all of Austria.

A RELIABLE informant told me last week that there was a moment a few weeks before the election when Waldheim himself was prepared for such an honest act. But his election advisers felt that he would lose hundreds of thousands of votes — all those in his own age-group — if he came out and said 'yes, I did know what was happening. I did see terrible things as did many of us. And because I was no more a hero than most other men, I blocked these things way back into my mind and did nothing'. This is what he might and should have said, and although it might have lost him votes, he would in all likelihood still have been elected and with honour.

For the facts about Waldheim himself are quite clear by now: he was it seems, simply the recording officer of his unit. As such he, of course, knew of all actions in his sector, reported on them and no doubt witnessed a number of them.

The 'blocking of memory' is not restricted to those on the Nazi side. Psychiatrists have dealt with thousands of victims of the Nazis over the years who have blocked just as desperately, and there are many such cases reported too, among British, American and Third World soldiers of World War II and subsequent wars.

BUT WHILE ALL wars produce isolated instances of total horror the Nazi war, which used war *conditions* as pretext for much larger, more concentrated acts of horror, was a case apart. This is the kernel of the Austrian (and German) blocking problem: that not only a few selected men, but a vast number of perfectly ordinary soldiers were forced to witness and take part in acts which — as said Professor Leupold-Löwenthal — their minds simply could not accept or deal with.

While the Germans have gone some way to take issue with the problem, the Austrians simply haven't dealt with it at all, in spite of a spate of excellent films, books and articles. 'The blocking', said Social Democrat MP Dr Ernst Veselsky, 'means that the majority of people simply turn the knob on their TV, the page of the paper or don't buy the books.'

To return to Waldheim: in the final analysis he probably did nothing *particularly* bad; he simply knew about horrors, blocked the knowledge and when forced by circumstances into facing it, chose to deny his memories — an appalling decision, with which both he and Austria are now forced to live.

For the Austrians, strangely enough, I think there is now a new chance. 'When we returned from the concentration camps in 1945', said Fritz Molden, closing the Alpbach meeting, 'we thought that, cleared of all co-responsibility by the Allies, we could serve our country best by re-creating a beautiful Austria, a buffer between nations in Central Europe, an island of the blessed in a sea of controversy. Now at last — 42 years later — the trauma has reached us. We have to face it that our country is not, as President Reagan tried — so kindly — to paint us, made of music, *sachertorte, lippizaner* and *sängerknaben* (boy singers). We have to realize that we are not loved anymore and perhaps will not be loved till we face ourselves. For four decades we have overrated ourselves, as did the world. The result is that when we look into the mirror now, we face an ugly visage. Only time and a new wisdom within ourselves will change this back into an honest face.'

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MEDIA

PITY THERE'S NO STRIKES — SUCH GOOD STORIES

HIGH ABOVE the Brighton promenade, looking out over the sea, in room 420 in the refurbished, reopened, post-bombed Grand Hotel, is the nerve centre. This is where the *Times* and the *Sun*, shunned by the labour movement, have covered the 118th Trades Union Congress — without the consent of the TUC.

Banned from the conference hall, News International had to construct an alternative: they did. Inside the suite of rooms, joined by a connecting door, sit eight Atex computer terminals (three *Sun*, five *Times*), connected through a permanently open telephone line to the Wapping plant. The journalists watch what's happening in the conference on television, captured on video for later story-writing, or flashed through the Press Association tapes on to the split computer screens. Twenty-four-hour security guards guard the room (looking after the equipment, not the journalists).

Why? Why should News International commit so much money, time, effort and personnel to reporting something which, when its papers mention it at all, either savage it, or dismiss it as irrelevant? News International's Brighton operation — a dry run for the Labour, Tory and SDP conferences (barring the Wapping dispute's settlement they'll only be able to report on the last two from within the conference precincts) — is a high-tech example of a much wider phenomenon: swirling round Brighton's bars, restaurants, union drinks parties and quite often even the Congress itself have been some 1,500 representatives of the media — half as many again as the delegates. The *Mail on Sunday* probably encapsulated the media's contradictory judgement this week: 'Probably at no point in the lifetime of any of us has the dear old TUC appeared to be so utterly irrelevant', it said — at the same time as it ran *five* separate union stories (more than by any other named reporter) by its industrial editor, Christopher Leake.

For those on the left with a straightforward view that the media hates the unions*, the explanation of this apparent conundrum is equally straightforward: the media wants to scoop up material from the TUC simply to abuse it. But down among the hacks, things look a little different. For most of the accredited media covering Congress, the TUC is just another job, another stopover in a long series. In an annual look at the unions, what the brothers are supposed to provide is unbrotherliness — division. Partly because that's what's seen as the story, but much more because that's what the TUC itself has traditionally provided, that's what gets covered: that's the media 'bias'.

At the core of it, though standing apart from it too (not as far apart from it as some themselves believe), are the full-time labour and industrial correspondents, who have the job of trying to make sense not just of the TUC Congress every September, but of what it's about for the other 51 weeks.

It's a shared secret among them that these days it's not much of a job any more. Traditionally, industrial news has been seen as a high-output area, an important specialism in which reporters could relatively quickly both make their names and score heavily in terms of airtime or column inches. For some news outlets, it still is: my own paper, the *FT*, still regards labour journalism as important both in terms of space and personnel; others, like the *Guardian*, or the forthcoming *Independent*, have recently taken decisions to run a special page every week on the issue; an even more specialised example is the sporadically-appearing Channel 4 TV programme, *Union World*.

PHILIP BASSETT

WHAT'S SIGNIFICANT about all these, though, is that now they've become even more anomalous than they've normally been, because there's no longer a story in the unions — the traditional base of labour journalism. Far from high-output, high-profile work, most industrial correspondents now not only don't get much in the paper, or on the air, but *know they won't*. The reason for that isn't bias, it isn't even boredom (though unquestionably, both exist). It's partly a question of over-exposure, at a level of news excitement unlikely to be equalled in the foreseeable future, to one virtually all-consuming event: the miners' strike. It's also partly a question of the journalists being ground down — the more you don't get things in, the less you write them, unless they can be ratcheted up to fever pitch.

Mostly, though, the reason is far more deep-seated, far more structural. In the main, industrial reporting has been about strikes — and now the number of strikes has slumped to its lowest for 50 years. 'I came into this job to write about strikes,' says one quality newspaper labour journalist, 'and now there aren't any.' When a reporting model is based so largely upon conflict, and that conflict disappears, the reporting itself reaches a dead end: it's just not as exciting, or as relevant, or as interesting as it used to be and it won't make the TV bulletin, or the news pages.

Rejecting the idea that this is some sort of story-starved fallow period, with the fat years set to come again, some industrial correspondents have started to adapt to this change. 'I'm writing much more consumer stuff' says one industrial journalist. 'I'm writing about nuclear power,' says another. 'I've got no choice: there's no story now in the unions.' Another says: 'It's either something else, or I'll be moved to showbiz. I don't want to write about bloody *EastEnders*.'

Those reporters who, like the *FT* labour team, still *do* get a lot of material into the paper do so because they've changed almost completely what they write about. Apart from the 1984-85 miners' strike, the *FT* labour page has, for the last few years, largely been about agreements, new industrial relations practices, new ways of working, not — as it was, say, five years ago — mostly about strikes over pay.

What's significant about the new coverage in the *Guardian* and planned for the *Independent* is that they're following this development: what they're explicitly *not* are print versions of *Union World* — whole pages about the trade unions. The new labour reporting has to range more widely, to move away from its essentially conservative attitude that the trade unions are the spine of its coverage.

So, partly in order to survive and thrive, partly in order to reflect properly the real pattern of the world of work, labour journalism, especially at the quality end of the business, will have to write about industrial relations much more widely: about unemployment; about employment as a whole — how it's changing, who the new workers are, where they are, what they do, how they do it; about redundancy patterns, about job content, about the impact of computer technology, about personnel thinking, about *management* as much as about *labour*.

THE DANGER of the shift is that it will lessen the hard news element of labour reporting, though if it does, it will be in line with a much deeper change in the media in any case: as more and more TV and radio outlets open up (daytime TV now), its *they* who are handling the news, not newspapers, which cannot beat them to it. That's forced the daily newspapers, in particular, to find a new role— the qualities moving much more into background, analytical work (in effect taking the Sunday papers' old ground), the pop papers further towards entertainment.

The unions won't like all this very much: they'll see it as still further reducing the opportunity to put across a case which the ownership of the media already makes highly difficult — and they'll probably be right. But they're having to adapt to change in so many areas to keep pace with a changing environment of work; it can't really be any surprise that they'll have to come to terms with changes in the way they're reported too. Despite News International's high-tech concentration, but in fact precisely because of the changed attitude to trade unions which, industrially, lies behind it, the days of 1,500 media people circling round the TUC Congress may be drawing to a close. □

See, for example, The Press and Political Dissent, *by Mark Hollingsworth, to be published by Pluto Press on 18 September at £6.95.*

Philip Bassett is Labour Editor of the Financial Times.

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LABOUR MUST GRASP THE STINGING PAY DEAL NETTLE

THE TUC took a few faltering steps this week towards discussing incomes policy. It was a coded debate, clothed in a discussion on whether the unions should support a statutory minimum wage — ostensibly a test of the movement's commitment to do something to eradicate low pay. But it was also the first stage in a broader discussion about incomes policy and Labour's National Economic Assessment. If a national minimum wage *were* agreed then this would have clear implications for public sector pay policy. It would also entail commitments to public spending.

A statutory minimum wage would also affect pay bargaining in the private sector. Each year the government would have to uprate the minimum wage, giving employers and the unions a very concrete idea of what level of pay settlements the government thought reasonable.

TUC officials are confident that despite disagreements at Brighton, the first building block of a pay policy has been put in place. Officials believe the TUC General Council special report on low pay will be the focus for debate in the coming year, rather than the contested motions. However, the substantive points raised by opponents of the statutory minimum wage will still have to be met — as, for example, those within the electricians' union motion to the TUC: 'In order that workers can play their part in Britain's revival there needs to be adequate reward for skill, responsibility and effort achieved by free collective bargaining. This will not be accomplished by a traditional rigid income policy or by an incomes policy based on a statutory minimum wage.' It's a position which Bill Jordan, new president of the engineering union, also accepts.

The implication is that they are not opposed to incomes policies. The British trade union movement has *never* had the kind of centralised structures of authority of unions in West Germany or Austria — and in the last few years, collective bargaining has become more and more decentralised, with fewer national deals covering entire industries and more plant based pay agreements. The say-so of national leaders about what their members will settle for stands for less and less.

To be credible, an incomes policy needs to be able to accommodate these regional and industrial variations in bargaining, rather than trying to ignore them or suppress them beneath a national norm.

Early last month, Gavyn Davies, a senior Hattersley adviser, floated an idea for an incomes policy which would have just the kind of flexibility that the opponents of traditional incomes policy are looking for. Davies, formerly economic adviser to Jim Callaghan at Number 10, and now a leading city economist (for Goldman Sachs, under whose rubric he published his idea) suggested that the government should impose heavy tax penalties on firms that break a national incomes policy norm, except where the payments were part of a genuine profit sharing scheme.

Davies says the tax penalties attached to the national norm would allow the government to police incomes policy effectively, but that the profit sharing would build in flexibility. Companies with higher profits and productivity would be allowed to make payments above the norm as long as these came from higher profits per employee.

The Chancellor, Nigel Lawson, has also made proposals on profit sharing, published in a Green paper earlier this year. His initial proposal, that about 20 per cent of an employee's pay had to be tied to profits to attract a special tax relief, has been watered down. The treasury now wants some level of

CHARLES LEADBEATER

profits to be paid into a pool: this would then be shared out to workers on top of their normal wages which will be determined as usual.

So rather than profit-related pay the government is proposing tax relief for profit sharing bonuses. The TUC, in a surprisingly warm response, recognises that some workers may want to have a direct stake in profits rather than just be wage labourers.

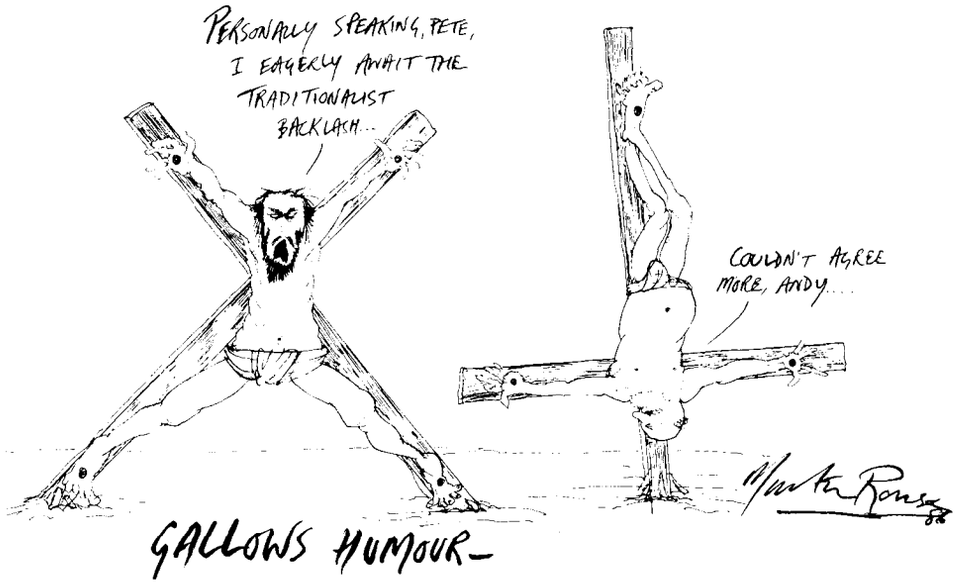
IT HAS TWO further reasons, however, for giving the proposals qualified support. First, if the profit share were paid equally to all employees, this would benefit the lower paid. And secondly, profit sharing could lead to an extension of the realm of collective bargaining: unions might become more involved in the decision-making of companies because they had a direct stake in profits.

The TUC paper, more predictably, rejects the Treasury's arguments that profit sharing will boost employment through making labour costs more flexible: but the Davies proposals are left on the table.

However, to the supporters of traditional incomes policy, and to those who want to pursue a more flexible form of policy, should be added a third group: those who do not want an incomes policy at all. That part of the left that is steeped in the imagery of class struggle has always been suspicious of the incorporation and compromise implicit in incomes policy. On this view, it is not the unions' job to manage capitalism, but to extract the highest reward for workers. This ideological commitment to free collective bargaining chimes with those who support it for more pragmatic reasons.

These reasons are presently telling ones. The trade union mark up, which measures the difference between the union and non-union rates of pay for the same job, stands at the highest level ever — 12 per cent. Though the unions may have been battered in the last few years, securely-employed union members have not done so badly.

Last week another Hattersley adviser, Paul Ormerod, argued in the *NS* that Labour did not need an incomes policy agreement with the unions. A future Labour government *would* need a pay policy for the public sector: but a union-backed incomes policy for the private sector would be largely irrelevant because unions are such a weak force. He then claimed Labour does not need at pay strategy at all; as growth picks up so it will become easier for



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companies to meet the pay claims of their workers. He predicted that even as unemployment falls pay pressure will not pick up.

I disagree and believe Labour *does* need a pay policy for these reasons:

● Pay pressure has returned as a significant economic problem which cannot be ignored. In 1983 average earnings grew by 7.5 per cent down from 21 per cent in 1980. Unit labour costs that year rose by 0.7 per cent in UK manufacturing, compared with 4.7 per cent in the EEC as a whole. But since then, pay pressure has picked up. This year with productivity growth slowing sharply, UK wages costs will rise by 5-6 per cent compared with 1-2 per cent in the EEC. This puts British companies in the international market place at a considerable disadvantage: sterling is depreciated, their margins will be squeezed. Yet if sterling *does* fall, this could add upward pressure to inflation through higher import prices, fuelling, in turn, higher pay pressure. The problem is acute enough now: it will get worse as oil makes a declining contribution to Britain's balance of payments. As the value of oil exports declines, so manufacturing will have to fill the gap — and with this level of pay increases, it is not in the best shape to do so.

● It is not just international comparisons that count: if a Labour government comes to power it will attempt to expand employment through higher spending. Calculations by Stephen Nickell of Oxford University show that an expansion of demand alone will be nowhere near as effective in boosting employment as extra spending combined with a policy to restrain pay rises, and thereby inflation. International studies by economists Michael Bruno and Jeffrey Sachs, and more recently by the Swedish political theorist Goran Therborn, show that the low unemployment countries — Sweden, Norway, Austria, — all have near permanent social contracts which control wage costs. The Hawke government's accord with the unions in Australia produced a seven per cent rise in unit labour costs: over the same period, a hands off approach in the UK has allowed a 20 per cent increase in unit costs.

The economic rationale for trying to build a new incomes policy which has some chance of permanence is not the only one: the pay issue also presents the Labour movement with a *political* opportunity.

The government has failed in one of its main policy objectives. It has not been able to so free up the labour market that wages are reduced to a level where the unemployed price themselves into jobs: nor has pressure from the 3 million-plus unemployed bid down wages, as the government hoped and assumed it would. Instead, Kenneth Clark, the Employment Minister, can do nothing but bemoan excessive pay increases without being able to propose any measures which could intervene to assist the plight of the unemployed and the working poor.

Here is the mission for Labour: to grasp the pay nettle (it will sting!); to recognise the flexibilities which must be built into it; but to advance the argument that only by agreement which balances short term pay with long term economic health can society fulfill its responsibilities to all its citizens once more. □

DIARY

Ian Williams

THE OLD custom of the pub slate died out long ago round here. Cash in advance is the rule, with the only flexibility being a supreme indifference to where the money came from. Once, remonstrating with a bank manager who'd bounced cheques because of my overdraft, I was sermonised by him. 'You're using other people's money', he preached, 'That's illegal'.

'And you're living off immoral earnings, a managerial pimp,' I riposted, indicating the foreign counter where prostitutes were paying in the dollars earned from the US Navy ships in the port. I was forced to transfer my overdraft anyway, confirmed in my belief in the immorality of finance capitalism.

○

Not far from my former bank I found Alan Bleasdale, sitting looking into his pint like a morose garden gnome at the pond edge. 'You're paying cash?' he asked as I ordered. 'Is there a special offer?' I queried hopefully, moving the fiver back to my pocket. 'No that'll do nicely,' he said gnomically.

It all came out. The creator of the *Boys from the Blackstuff*, author of the *Monocled Mutineer*, the man who brought you Yosser and a look at the black economy and gloomy prospects of the North, has had his integrity questioned by International Monopoly Capitalism in its most naked form. American Express had asked him to do a commercial for them! 'Which boozer round here would take a card even if I had one?' he asked. 'Loads, —but you wouldn't get it back,' the barman chipped in. 'I'll stick to cash — but American Express can stick theirs,' concluded Alan, who'd never make a bank manager.

○

None of those up whose nostrils my columns on Militant were thrust has complained of inaccuracy or untruth. They've traduced my motives, ancestry and morals, but their silence on the substance can be taken as confession. The occasional threats to limbs from friends of those mentioned could equally be taken as an admission of accuracy. And now after all these threats, what other explanation but witchcraft could there be for my slipping on the stairs, causing an agonising night, and a morning trip to the casualty department?

○

The casualty waiting room atmosphere is always chattily affable. Everyone is warned off the hot drinks machine, laughingly ignores the good-natured advice — and gags on the noxious cocktail of soup coffee and tea which comes out whatever you punch in. But no one warned me of the type of surprises that the examination cubicle can bring.

I took off my shirt, as the nurse instructed, and gingerly sat down, only to start painfully in alarm when she said the psychiatrist was dropping in for a word. Was this how the dying days of Liverpool's Militant regime were to deal with dissidence, if threatened splints hadn't 'cured' me — was it to be a remedy of strait-jackets?

Luckily the practitioner in question was a friend who'd seen me passing and wanted to know the gory details of the injuries. In return I was amazed that in a city like Liverpool, she could only find work for three days a week. I'd assumed that a psychiatrist was guaranteed a seven day week with unlimited overtime. After all, none of the city playwrights invented their more extravagant characters. They're all drawn from life — in pastel shades to stay within credibility. The most outstanding are yet uncaught, like whoever sawed off the rabbit from the bronze of my patron saint Peter Pan in Sefton Park or the ones who stole the marbles from the Palm House.

○

I left the hospital uncertified, with the reassurance that my rib wasn't broken. that it would get more painful, but should be alright as long as I didn't breath, cough or laugh. I was forced to laugh almost immedately by an anecdote told over an anaesthetic pint. NUPE branch secretary Jane Kennedy scandalised the comrades, it seems, by telling the truth at last year's Labour Party conference. Her nickname among staff in the office of our deputy leader is now JKF. Why? Because everytime she is mentioned by our ex-Labour Party deputy leader, her full title is Jane FXXXing Kennedy.

○

A Palestinian friend arrived, and the occasion gathered a group of survivors of the 60's. Nostalgia reigned unchecked, as we reminisced about those expansive days when today's wets were the far right.

There was the time we staged the anti-Vietnam demonstration against the US consulate. It was on a Saturday — and the building was closed. We wondered where the police were, until we looked through the holes which had been kicked in the massive doors, and saw a host of shiny black boots stretching down the corridor.

There was the other London demo against the embassy when fleeing demonstrators built a succession of barricades across Hyde Park, and were amazed to find the police running round them instead of at them. The Commissar involved responded to our cynical scouse jeers, 'but comrades: we gained great experience in barricade-building.'

Chief constables please note, we even had retrospective criticism of police behaviour the time we picketed the *Green Berets*, starring John Wayne and the US War Effort. But after all these years, it sounded like an irate rate-payer's querulous complaint. Do you realise, every night we phoned a bomb threat, and the police didn't empty the place once. Try that one on the police complaints committee. □

Roger Woddis is on holiday

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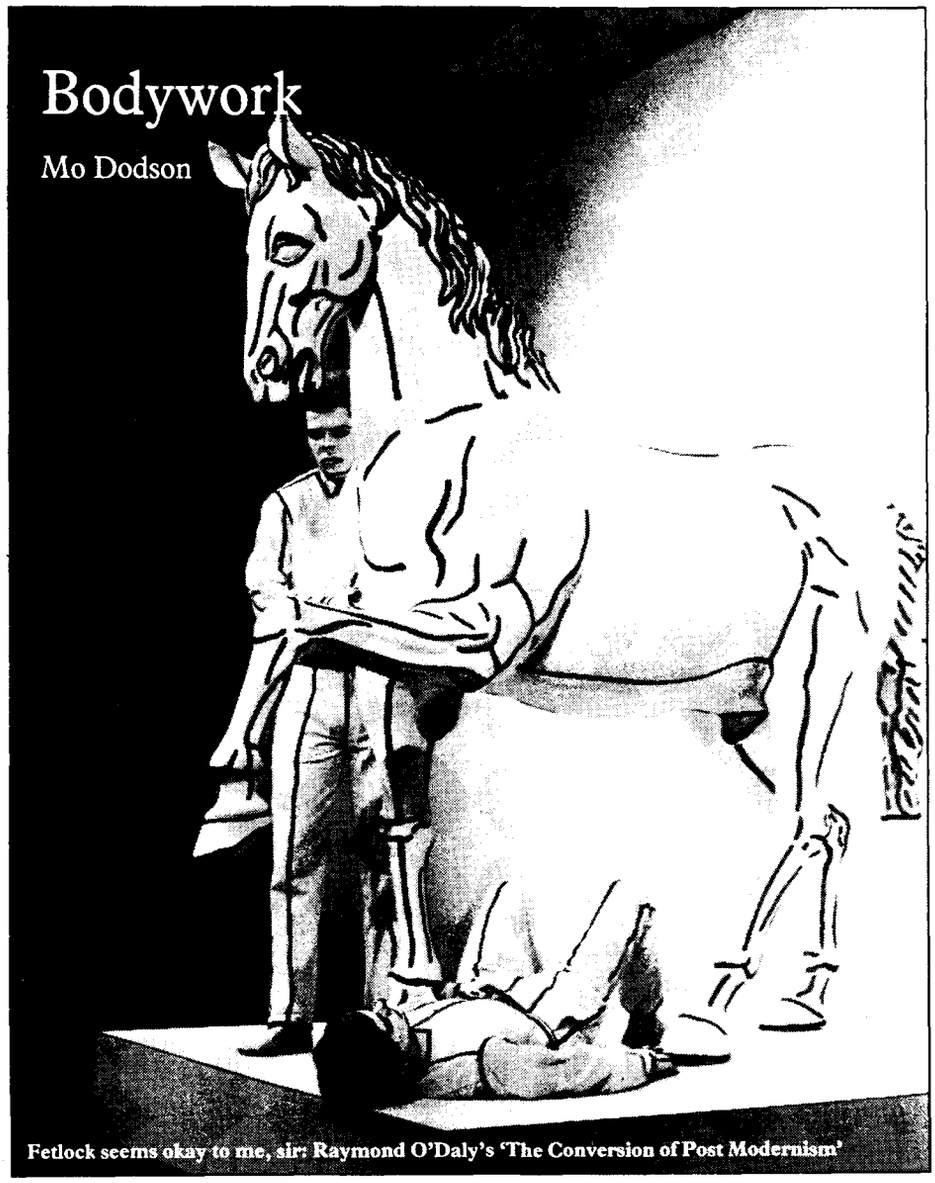
ART

Bodywork

Mo Dodson



Fetlock seems okay to me, sir: Raymond O'Daly's 'The Conversion of Post Modernism'

Living Art
Riverside Studios

NEWS VALUES, the implicit criteria used by news editors to choose what events to include in their broadcasts, have been subjected to intensive academic analysis: one of the most prominent criteria discovered is that of 'predictable novelty'. The reporting of Stephen Taylor-Woodrow's 'living art' has certainly emphasised the wacky gimmickry of four blokes hanging from a gallery wall, fully dressed and apparently sprayed from head to toe in one dull colour. It is all part of the continuing saga of the modern artist as a joker/con-artist doing new but predictably silly things in public. It is slotted in at the end of the news programme, a place reserved for comforting trivia like pets and children that do cute tricks.

Riverside Studios were therefore taking a chance in commissioning four different 'living artists', including Taylor-Woodrow, to present their work at specified times in the coffee-bar foyer during what was a very busy week. In the adjacent gallery area there was (still is, until 7 September) an installation by David Mach, the artist who built the Polaris out of car tyres. In the theatre, the much-acclaimed Wooster Group performed every evening. The 'living artists' could easily have been relegated to the status of a populist side-show, hopping with unseemly haste onto a media-hyped bandwagon.

As it turned out, the 'living artists' formed a kind of centre-piece, holding the serious attention of a volatile audience for much longer than would a painting or sculpture. Even though most of the audience knew generally what to expect, the effect created by these human beings pretending to be art-objects was unpredictably strange. Silent, vulnerable, subjecting themselves to considerable discomfort, they yet managed aggressively to demand a response from the spectators, refusing to allow us the comfort of uninvolved observation. By breaking only one of the rules governing the public space of an art gallery — the substitution of a living person for an art-object — and adhering to all the other rules — the art-object cannot speak but still must represent something; it cannot remove itself from its hook or pedestal and therefore cannot escape the gaze and, perhaps, prodding of the spectator; crucially, it cannot explain itself to the spectator — Taylor-Woodrow and the other 'living artists' at Riverside provoked an awareness of the necessity for public rules to provide the matrix from which meanings can be generated. If the matrix of rules is impoverished, so, of necessity, is the work of art.

This is a very different message from that propounded by the 'living artists' of the Sixties, who thought that rules were a straitjacket hampering the artist's creativity. After structuralism and semiotics, no one can ignore the importance of codes of syntactic rules. And, after post-structuralism, reference to social reality as a complex system of competing codes is intellectually respectable.

The trouble, however, with art work that leans heavily on structuralism and post-structuralism, with all their sophisticated theorising about rules and codes, is that it doesn't *work* for most people. The 'living artists' at Riverside, on the other hand, did work: they provoked a response based on well understood rules about the nature of art and about the nature of 'social space'.

All four artists at Riverside used the Western tradition of representation by hovering on the boundary between real and illusory space, while firmly insisting on the reality of this boundary. The ambiguity of the space and the objects within it created a continuous sense of mild anxiety and a temptation to remove the ambiguity by doing something to the space and object. It was surprisingly difficult, however, even to walk near the 'living art works' and, when one did, the ambiguity remained.

A more disturbing sensation was that of dead objects coming partially to life, rather like the statue in Mozart's opera that throws Don Giovanni into Hell. Like many religious images, these living works of art seemed to incarnate, rather than represent, a mysterious 'otherness' lurking on the dark side of reality. Crude statues that become deities during ceremonies, voodoo fetishes and, nearer to home, Christian images that bleed, weep and move are all associations that played a potential part in our response to these works. The self-inflicted pain and vulnerability inherent in the works evoked, of course, the theme of sacrifice, but it was so understated that it was effective.

The four artists on show — Taylor-Woodrow, Miranda Payne, Raymond O'Daly and Duncan Whiteman — work in very different ways and with different intentions. O'Daly's work makes use of precise references to art history and theory. Whiteman creates aesthetically pleasing shapes by putting people into all-over stockings and getting them to change posture and position very slowly, in a way reminiscent of Alwyn Nikolais' dance-works. Miranda Payne stands precariously balanced on two small brackets, laboriously nailing photos and objects to the wall behind her and finally donning a drape in an artificial wind. Though most of them will continue to work in a similar vein for some time, they do not really constitute a group. Their work represents an attempt more to disengage from

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the sterility of contemporary art practice than to lay the groundwork for a new movement; it is indicative of their intelligence that each of these artists recognises this very clearly. □

Taylor-Woodrow will be in Hammersmith at the beginning of September, Portsmouth at the end of September, Brighton and Southampton in October and Winchester, Bradford and Milton Keynes after the New Year. Miranda Payne will be at the Cardiff School of Art on 10 October.

EDINBURGH

World on fire

Angus Calder

I'VE NEVER ENJOYED the Edinburgh Festival more. Among many memories that will linger I have heard Harry Edison, Buddy Tate and Al Grey, backed by that incomparable rhythm section of Ray Bryant, Milt Hinton and Gus Johnson, blowing what may be almost the last authentic storms from the swing era in Mike Hart's best-ever Jazz Festival. And, just when my palate was most jaded, it was refreshed by Opera Restor'd's delicious recreation of the first performance of Purcell's *Dido*. Both 'Fringe'.

The theme of this year's 'Official' festival was announced as Scottish Enlightenment, to coincide with the vast programme organised by Edinburgh University and involving scholars from all over the world. But the major focus of pub and café discussion has actually been Frank Dunlop's World Theatre Season. Much of it has been strongly controversial. Even Nuria Espert's admittedly remarkable 15-year-old production of Lorca's *Yerma* on a trampoline set polarised opinion between those who found it freshly exciting and those, like myself, for whom the keen edge wasn't there. Even the inspired use of Leith Town Hall by the Folkopera Company of Stockholm for its *Aida* did not impress music purists. Verdi with synthesisers! The main parts shared round in rotation! What next? Opera might be *popular*. Verdi himself, I think, that man of the people, would have loved it. *Aida* became political, as giggling courtier-girls in the triumphal march scene greeted the arrival of basket after basket of severed hands.

But there's been no argument over the Toho Company's *Medea*, which juxtaposed World Theatre and Enlightenment in the most piquant manner possible, using the Georgian-classical courtyard of the university as the arena for Greek tragedy, kabuki-style. Everyone who saw it was awed and delighted by the grandeur of Ninagawa's direction and the extraordinary acting of a man, Mikijiro Hira, in the title part. For instance, when Jason embraces his sons after Medea has decided to kill them, Hira is on the ground, facing away from most of the audience: restrained yet forceful movements of back and shoulders project complex emotion. Costumes and use of music are thrilling. The chorus enters in black under huge hats with veils, carrying fierce, plangent, oriental lutes. Later, bare-headed, these men powerfully mime feminine concern and shock until, as Medea goes in to murder her children, they turn cloaks inside out in a split second and stand arrayed in red.

Just before, I'd seen Franca Rame's monologue *Medea*, in which that unique actress, girlish and worldly, uses child murder as a symbol of the need for women to escape the constraints of the role of wife and mother. It was tailpiece to the Rame-Fo play *Open Couple*, very funny yet profound through its acknowledgement of the complexity of the social situation within which women and men are trapped in domestic farce and tragedy. It says much for the homegrown cabaret *Nippy Sweeties* that it isn't eclipsed by comparison. Written by Liz Lochhead and performed by her, Elaine C. Smith and Angie Rew, it has been a deserved sell-out, unwavering in feminist commitment, full of moments of warmth and subtlety.

Meanwhile, the Scottish Enlightenment has been celebrated in an excellent exhibition, *A Hotbed of Genius*, organised by IPSE in the Museum of Antiquities. Downstairs, tapes talk and sing you into the atmosphere of Enlightened Edinburgh as you pass tableaux and other representations of its social life, highlighting the roles of Hume, Adam Smith, the great chemist Black and the geologist Hutton. Upstairs, books and pictures in profusion deepen understanding. The book of the exhibition (ed. David Daiches *et al*, Edinburgh, £22.50 & £10.95) can be warmly recommended as the best short, authoritative introduction to its subject.

Likewise Duncan Macmillan's *Painting in Scotland: The Golden Age* fills a gap admirably. It's on sale at the exhibition of that name which will be in the Tate from mid-October. There are lovely things here: some easily seen before, like Ramsay's portraits of successive wives, but others trawled in from afar and from private collections. Raeburn at his best could be magnificent. From Ireland comes his unexpected 1792 'Sir John and Lady Clerk of Penicuik', two homely middle-aged people standing in Lothian landscape under light which transfigures both them and it. Thomson of Duddingston's privately owned 'Fast Castle on a Calm Day' fascinates by the way he uses a favourite subject, castle on cliff, for its formal properties, verticals on verticals, signifying not 'romance' but 'composition'.

But was 1707 to 1843 really the 'Golden Age'? For my money, the last hundred-odd years have seen much greater originality in Scottish painting, with at least a score of artists, from Orchardson through to Joan Eardley, who merit much wider recognition. Now John Bellany's 'international' stature, at the age of 44, is suggested by a retrospective at the Gallery of Modern Art. His painting has acknowledged a very wide and eclectic range of influences (Rembrandt, Courbet, Beckmann, to name just a few). But, at each stage of his journey from social realism through increasingly fraught expressionism to a personal crisis since when he has calmed almost to elegant blandness, he has registered obsessive individuality, constantly returning in imagination to childhood in a small Lothian fishing port. Imagery of boats, fish, seabirds recurs from first to latest.

Bellany's commitment to figurative art is echoed in Ian McCulloch's big, pained pictures at the New Demarco Gallery and by the most interesting of their younger contemporaries in the *Scottish Art Today* exhibition which has gathered a dozen of them in Edinburgh to create new work in public at various points round the city or in the core show at the College of Art. Here their evolving, vigorous styles are seen in ironic contrast with rows of plaster casts from classical sculpture. The most resolved is perhaps Peter Howson, whose powerfully built proletarian males stand tensely at odds with circumstance or with each other. But there's a ring of 'Clydesidism' to this — the pastoral cult of vanishing heavy industry — and I prefer Ken Currie's explicitly elegiac view of working-class life. His 'Self Taught Man' in a dying tradition reads Gramsci, his 'Unemployed Lovers' are two men embracing wistfully outside a bar.

Keith McIntyre's direction, at 26, is less clear — and he's more intriguing. His pictures of Moffat borderers in gala dress at first sight suggest nostalgia, at second people absorbed in a dream of a freer Scotland. They brought to my mind Alasdair Gray's injunction that we should work as if in the early days of a new and better nation and, when I mentioned Gray to McIntyre as he painted in his open studio, he replied that he reckoned that almost all the other young 'artists at work' would, like himself, have read *Lanark* when it first appeared a few years ago. Gray's novel is perhaps playing for some of them the role that MacDiarmid's poetry performed for Bellany — showing that you can be both completely Scottish and internationally modern. □

MUSIC

Quadrophenia

Andrew Clements

The Proms
Albert Hall/Radio 3

WHEN FOGEYS, be they young or old, write to the press to bewail the absence of this or that composer from the Proms, the chances are that the planners have got the balance just about right. This year, apparently, the complaint is the scarcity of Beethoven symphonies; underlying the strictures is the highly dubious belief that each Proms season must reinforce the received view of musical worth, so that Beethoven, because he is a very great composer, must be represented more fulsomely than, say, Mendelssohn who is quantifiably less great. Concert-goers who need to have their prejudices confirmed afresh each year in the Albert Hall are never likely to extend their musical horizons in any useful way.

The current set of Proms is the last to be conceived by Robert Ponsonby, who retired as the BBC's Controller, Music at the end of last

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year. It seems to me that in its quiet way it is one of the best of his tenure: there have been few large-scale spectacles, but many fine performances and a host of programmes well-packed with interesting and challenging works. The Italian theme has been nicely worked; the weekend of early music at the start of the season — performances of Monteverdi's *Orfeo* and the Florentine *Intermedi* — was a concentrated attempt to package an area of the repertory that often gets lost in the Albert Hall.

With some hefty contemporary pieces scattered through the schedules — Messiaen's *Turangalîla*, Dallapiccola's *Il Prigioniero*, Berio's *Epifanie*, and the second performance of Birtwistle's *Earth Dances* — it would seem on the surface that living composers had been equally well served. But the number of first performances and Proms commissions is unexpectedly lower than for some time. Only two works were commissioned for the season; a third first performance failed to materialise. There was also the first British performance of Henze's Seventh Symphony, which I wrote about here when Radio 3 recently broadcast a tape of last winter's world premiere — easily his best piece for some years. But otherwise the pickings were quite thin and, if anyone could nurse a grievance over the composition of the programmes this time, it would be working British composers, who legitimately regard the Proms as a potential showcase, and who in a series of 60 concerts really ought to get more than two slots for new works.

The two pieces that did arrive, from Gordon Crosse and Jonathan Harvey, were strikingly different in aims and content. Crosse, born in 1937, has been less evident on London concert platforms in the last few years, and the effectiveness of his music of the late Sixties and early Seventies has not been followed up in the way one might have expected. His musical language is now rather more traditional than that of many of his contemporaries; there is a good deal of Britten and Stravinsky in his idiom, and the shades of Webern and Maxwell Davies from earlier pieces are less obvious. What Crosse has retained is a flair for concertante pieces, and the trumpet concerto written for the Proms and the remarkable Norwegian trumpeter Hakan Hardenberger, *Array*, showed him working within a fairly restricted medium with a great deal of originality. Worthwhile trumpet concertos are pretty rare, but this one, a few bouts of neoclassical note-spinning aside, is consistently elegant and filled with strong, memorable ideas. The slow movement contains a beautiful melody that sustains the emotional core of the piece, and both the outer movements use the solo instrument and the fastidiously terraced string orchestra to achieve some fascinating shifts of perspective.

Aural perspectives are also the stuff of Jonathan Harvey's *Madonna of Winter and Spring*, a symphonic poem with religious promptings that sets out to hybridise the composer's previous instrumental writing with his considerable IRCAM-based achievements in electronic and electro-acoustic music. The orchestra for *Madonna* is supplemented by a battery of synthesisers, ring-modulators and reverberation; the sounds can be projected around the hall through a double circuit of quadrophonic loudspeakers. It is a complex set-up which Harvey manages with some adroitness. There are some finely imaginative passages, usually when traditional instruments find themselves confronted with their own electronic mirror-images: a horn is toured around the hall in a sequence of evocative calls; slabs of string tone accumulate and decay around one's ears. The role of the synthesisers themselves is disappointing: they are usually used to mimic other timbres, so their contributions become lost in the overall sonority. The most effective section of the work is the final few pages when original and treated sounds are combined to provide a haunting epilogue; much of the previous 30 minutes seems too much like an old-fashioned (and none too imaginative) tone poem into which the electronics make a series of unwonted intrusions. □

CINEMA

Saint and martyr

Adam Mars-Jones

Rosa Luxemburg (PG)
Lumiere

THERE ARE ALWAYS problems involved in making a film about a political figure, but they are redoubled when the political figure was never in a position of real power. Rosa Luxemburg, the heroine of Margarethe von Trotta's new film, was very vocal, but she was always in opposition. She was also murdered. In the film, when her colleagues say (all in fun, of course), 'We'll have her hanged. We won't let her spoil our fun,' she replies, 'How do you know who will do the hanging?' But she never had the chance to turn her radicalism into ruthlessness, or alternatively to prove that it was the opposite of ruthlessness.

All these factors are likely to push a film of her life towards eulogy, and von Trotta, although not on the basis of her past work a sentimentalist, has done nothing to resist that push. Everything is arranged to show Rosa in a good light from moment to moment; she casts no shadow. The film attempts a posthumous vindication; but a martyr, surely — and that is how the film presents her — can neither be vindicated nor disproved. She has said only, 'This is what I believe, and I am prepared to suffer for it.' She can hardly then say, 'I told you so! I was right all along,' or plausibly have such things said on her behalf.

The film has a confusing structure, starting with Rosa in prison during the First World War and flashing back to her recent and also distant past. We see Rosa as a child teaching the cook to read and write, remarking that these skills are more important than saving potatoes from burning. As an adult in prison, she comforts those who come to comfort her. She strikes up a friendship with a wardress, who is soon saying, 'I'd do anything for you.' Even the governor of the prison comments on her exemplary behaviour; she may not go as far as forgiving her enemies, but she is well on the way to converting them. These are not stages of an intellectual or political career; these are stations of the cross.

Rosa's magic remains elusive. When she is soft, she is presented as admirable. When other people are soft, they are either naive or misguided. When she is hard, she has grasped the essence of the historical moment; she is, quite simply, right. Other people, when they are hard, are inhuman. Early on in the film, she castigates her fellow party-members for their dryness and timidity: what is called for is vigorous, red-blooded activism. Later on, she attacks her colleagues for their overconfidence and willingness to take risks: what is called for is cautious consolidation. As political judgments these may both have been correct, but the film denies its audience the means to assess them on that basis.

All that an audience can do is judge what it is offered and, since it is offered a woman who remarks on the frailty of Marxism in Germany while taking a tea-tray from a maid, or who when arrested proclaims, 'I'll not beg for my rights' and then, 'Get me a cell on my own', the judgment is likely to be negative.

Rosa Luxemburg's speeches in the film are invariably accompanied by visionary music: sombre tympani representing perhaps the march of historical inevitability, heroic chord-changes in the brass enacting class struggle. Perhaps her opponents would also seem eloquent, with equal access to an orchestra.

Women were not often radicals at that time, but the issue of feminism is crucially skimped, perhaps by the historical Rosa and certainly by the film that speaks for her. During a discussion, Rosa's friend Clara Zetkin asks, 'Why did you endorse women's suffrage only formally?' It isn't clear (at least to someone unfamiliar with the period) whether she is addressing Rosa or the men of the SPD, but either way Rosa is allowed to overrule her with a crisp, 'That's beside the point.'

Rosa Luxemburg enjoys the status of an honorary man and she interrogates the assumptions on which emotional life is based as little as the men around her. Her emotional life is shown, not because the personal is political, but because it is a preserve of special privilege, an area for self-dramatisation rather than examination. She breaks with one lover, Leo Jogiches, on a point of principle — he has tried to hide an affair with another comrade, while underground — which seems to contain elements, to put it mildly, of bourgeois tiff (he has answered her love letters with accounts of Party congresses). She is allowed to have it both ways: 'If you loved her, it wasn't a trifle. And if you didn't, it's just as bad.'

She herself takes up almost immediately with Kostia Zetkin, doe-eyed son of Clara. She hides the affair from Clara and, when tackled about it, says, 'You know how difficult it is for me to talk of private matters,' a line no one else in the movie would be allowed to try.

The film incorporates archive footage, but only from the time that Kostia is killed in action. It is as if the war, which has been presented up to that point as a personal defeat for Rosa, only then becomes real to her. It is an unfortunate but not uncharacteristic moment in a ponderous, devotional film, fatally starved of dialectic. □

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Folk story

Naseem Khan

THERE'S BEEN quite a bit of jollity on the South Bank recently. Although it would give a gloomy satisfaction to report that all the brave initiatives have shrivelled with the going of the GLC, honesty must be served. There are signs of a certain blandness (less challenging exhibitions; the Bookspace corralled in to the equivalent of a broom cupboard, where only the lucky or determined can find it), but the punters are still there. Business goes on.

In the case of the two smaller, subsidiary halls, things have even improved a bit. The major GLC push, it must be explained, took place in the huge Festival Hall, whose copious extra spaces brimmed with free concerts, lively exhibitions, food and fun. Across the terrace, in a far more modest concrete box, the Queen Elizabeth Hall and the Purcell Room with their single joint foyer were, comparatively, Cinderella's ugly sisters. The new administration has clearly decided that something must be done about this.

Its first major step has been to make changes to the bigger Queen Elizabeth Hall: front rows ripped out; large new extension to the stage installed. The result, now big enough for music-theatre, was splendidly opened by Opera Factory with its inventive *Cosi Fan Tutte* and *Yan Tan Tethera* (see *NS* 15 August): the sort of stuff that gives opera a good name.

One company, however, doesn't make a season. The question is how the overall programme works out. Is it managing to inject a sense of life and occasion, missing there till now? The Folk Week (an annual obeisance that really ought to be more frequent) would seem to have been tailor-made for jollying up what, for ease, I shall call South Bank 2. Indeed, it started off with great fizz. The electric-folk Steeleye Span played a fine set with a freshness and conviction that made its precursors, Renaissance, look extremely thin, while the lights and smokey effects tried hard to make you believe that this was not a classical venue but the Hammersmith Odeon. That, however, was a blockbuster, and in the huge Festival Hall (South Bank 1). The lower-key events of the rest of the week were allotted to South Bank 2.

They tried very hard to jolly it up. The English Folk Dance and Song Society (EFDSS), which has taken over the organisation of the week, had brought in a tap-dancing bear and a Jack-in-the-Green. It had got the excellent Brenda Goodrich in at the end of the evening as a caller for free bouts of spontaneous folk dance. Cheese and ale were for sale, and good cheap food. But the geography of the place had the last word.

There was something a trifle absurd about sitting in the Purcell Room's formal black leather rows watching Blowzabella and Dade Krama: both of them dancing, more or less activity bands. In an ideal world, they would have started in the foyer, gathering their audience as they went. But the opera audiences in the Queen Elizabeth Hall would hardly have appreciated that.

The programme itself was relatively broad, arranged around themes that the EFDSS was secretly hoping would tempt in non-Folkies. The Capercaillie band, for instance, was there to celebrate the centenary of the end of the Highland Clearances; an evening of Folk Roots included some of the non-European traditions. 'Seeds of Love' was to show what classical arrangers made of original folk songs. In the case of 'Folk Roots', the EFDSS could have gone further. Connections and cross-influences could have been explored between the apparently diverse Indian (Baluji Srivastava), African (Dade Krama) and European (Blowzabella) instruments and music.

'Seeds of Love', on the other hand, did point up connections, and startlingly. Jim Lloyd and Ursula Vaughan Williams introduced the old folk songs first in their original form (sung effectively by Tony Rose and Peta Webb) and then in the arrangements that Cecil Sharp, Percy Grainger and Ralph Vaughan Williams had given them — their 'evening dress' as it was once put. The contrast was striking: candour turned into sentiment, simplicity into sophistication.

But we shouldn't, counselled Ashley Hutchings in his later 'Adventures with a Bicycle', be too censorious of Sharp. Hutchings' one-hour show gave the great collector a chance to answer his critics, though this was not so much a rebuttal as a recreation of Sharp. Hutchings came wobbling benignly onto the stage on an old-fashioned bicycle. He proceded to regale a delighted audience with anecdotes, scraps of lectures and the old, cracked sound of the collected songs. From time to time 'Sharp' took off his white straw hat and became, instead, Ashley Hutchings, founder of Steeleye Span, Fairport Convention and various Albion Bands, commenting on Sharp. It was a warm, funny, informative portrait, full of wry whimsy and sympathy. After all, said Hutchings, he too had 'copped a lot of flak for rocking up folk music'; perhaps we should hold back before we condemn Sharp for trying to fit the folk songs to the taste of his age. In the meantime, Sharp himself got a chance to speak. 'If something good is to be made popular,' he predicted, 'many things must happen to it that will shock the elect.' And that, he said reasonably, was all part of the process. 'The individual invents: the community selects.'

Next week: Work in Progress watches a house with Housewatch

TELEVISION

Blow job

Diana Eden

QUESTION: WHICH commercial has been absent from our screens of late?

Clue: Once, we were regularly borne aloft, betwixt the primetime programmes, glimpsing aerial-shots of such lush and succulent countryside that I thought, at first, it was a hype for *Out of Africa*. How soared the music! How reassuring and seductive the voice that guided us o'er those balmy vales and hills! Was it a plug for yoghurt? A plea for whiter-whites? A skilled PR by the English Tourist Board?

Choose the latter and you're getting warm. Yes — it was green, yes, yes — it was pleasant — YOU'VE GOT IT! It was sumptuous Sellafield extending an offer so expansive and expensive it would surely have been churlish to refuse — pay them a visit and have all your fears allayed.

Once allayed, of course, once punters have accepted the subliminal message that Sellafield is nothing more sinister than a theme-park with a difference, then we are lumbered with a product which could get us very warm indeed. I am told that adverts for Friends of the Earth and Greenpeace cannot be countenanced on the grounds that they are 'political in nature'. So when was nuclear power declared a politics-free zone? Answers, on a charred postcard please, to Young and Rubicam, the company responsible for this scandalous soft-sell. I wearily suspect that the commercial's recent disappearance owes nothing to public pressure and everything to that untimely leak at our vaunted Nuclear Power Plant.

Perhaps we apathetic viewers should examine our collective conscience and recall that, several years ago, an enthusiastic woman used to enjoy fellatio with a Cadbury's Milk Flake, until an outraged lobby demanded less explicit shots. Now this may not be the soundest feminist line, but my objection to *that* image was its erroneous implication that a Cadbury's Flake is an adequate substitute for the Real Thing. It is not. However, without apology, I here advance the theory that, in universal terms, going down on a chocolate bar is less holocaustic than the notion that Nuclear Power is Nice. And, when the Sellafield ad returns, so should our priorities and we should boot our Doc Martens straight through the set. We should do — but we won't.

One who gives the impression that she might is the game Vanesssa Redgrave, no sitter on the fence is she. Whatever one feels about Redgrave's political proclivities, her flying in the face of ridicule has to be admired. And those who come to mock will, doubtless, one day stay to pray. When she's an indomitable 80 breathless TV interviewers will cluster at her feet; for nothing, in this country, lends more media-respectability to once derided views that a touch of longevity. Appropriately, since

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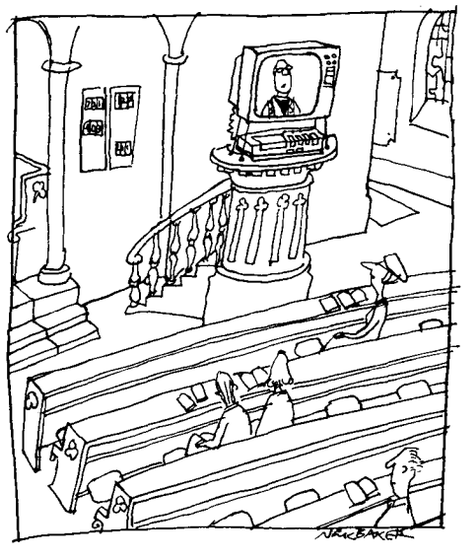
witch hunts may be a subject she knows a thing or two about, Redgrave played the lead in **Three Sovereigns for Sarah** (C4), a mini-series about the infamous Salem trials. There are those who feel themselves possessed by the power of Redgrave's acting and those who remain resistant to her trembling lower lip. Belonging to the latter category, I found her performance somewhat of an irritant, but the series itself certainly Tried Hard. When series Try Hard they are, sometimes, also Slightly Boring and, alas, this was. Writer/producer Victor Pisano was over-scrupulous in culling documentation from diaries written by the wronged Sarah Cloyce, but he still conceded only *so* much to authenticity. Fifteenth-century Salem village may have lacked a Minister of the Church for several years, yet clearly an orthodontist had been resident quite some time.

Still, the harsh New England winters were chillingly evoked, as were the physical and emotional deprivations of the Salemites. But three evenings is a long time in television and quite soon I was wishing a sensible soul would deal the hysterical kids a clip around their lug-holes and send them out to sledge.

The diaries of Sarah Cloyce are not the only things better read than said. Saucy seaside postcards also suffer in translation and that genre formed the basis of the appalling but repeated (I repeat, *repeated*) **Freddie Starr Comedy Express** (ITV). Early in his career Starr was an impressionist of promise, now he seems intent on merely out-Hilling Benny Hill.

In search of *good* bad-taste I watched **The Writing of Spitting Image** (ITV), a behind-the-scenes gander at how the programme's made. This was a major mistake on my part. It was fascinating to fly-on-the-wall during the script editorials but OH MY GOD it turns out that they're *puppets* . . .

If it's real-life drama that you're after, then I recommend the weekly job-loss figures featured every Friday at the end of **News at Ten** (ITV). Even Pamela Armstrong's sweet and graceful cadences cannot soften statistics such as these. At the risk of sounding like a purge-intentioned Salemite I bet if Mother Thatcher were chucked into a duck-pond, along with her Familiars, the whole coven would bloody float. □



THE ROCK BUSINESS IS A PILE OF SHIT
HI! I'M LARRY GLINT OF MUMBLE CITY! YOU FEL-LAS GOT A HOTSHIT SOUND! WHY DON'T YOU SIGN THIS LITTLE PAPER WHICH SAYS YOU'LL DO EVERYTHING I TELL YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES!
HERE'S 5,000 IN FRONT! GO BUY YOURSELVES SOME NEW T-SHIRTS (THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM...)

Beggar's banquet

Simon Frith

Too Much: Art and Society in the Sixties, 1960-75
ROBERT HEWISON *Methuen* £14.95

'MEANWHILE,' CONCLUDES Robert Hewison, 'the divisions in our culture widen: on the one hand the institutions of official patronage glorify a past that never was, softening its hard edges in a syrup of nostalgia; on the other, a new generation has emerged . . . which can only replay the past in terms of pastiche, parody or irony.'

In this cultural fix — Rees-Mogg vs *The Face* — the Sixties occupy a pivotal role. For the connoisseurs of Victorian values, they're the one past decade that can't be sentimentalised, years of flabby sin. For the newest pop movement, by contrast, the so-called Shambling bands, the Sixties represent the age of innocence, a pre-postmodern time when young people could strum guitars, fall in love and wear M&S jumpers without it being a *sign* of anything.

'The Sixties', in short, are still being re-run and the greatest merit of Hewison's book is that he has no nostalgic or polemical investment in them. *Too Much* is, more plainly, the third volume of a cultural history with the specific aim of describing 'the overall context in which works of art are created.' Hewison isn't interested in these works as such, but in the ideas which lie behind them. He examines the reasons people give for their work, the official and unofficial explanations of what art is for (which means, here, paying proper attention to the Arts Council, censorship, the way the Sixties state worked to crush some forms of expression — it's interesting, as Hewison shows, that drugs rather than sex were the recurring excuse for police action).

Hewison's descriptive method — quotations woven together to form a patchwork cultural covering — can only be as interesting as the arguments cited and so his first volume, *Under Siege*, on literary life in London from 1939-45, was fascinating while *In Anger*, on the Cold War years of 1945-60, seemed pedestrian. *Too Much*, I'm glad to say, is fascinating again — the Sixties were, if nothing else, more fun rhetorically than the Fifties — and I was exhilarated just following Hewison through all his connections.

Some links are as awkward as a Radio 1 dj's, but, for the most part, the trail of names does illuminate cultural process, like one of Pete Frame's rock family trees. *Too Much* reveals strikingly, for instance, the extent to which fine art (and fine art's art-college theorists) supplied the energy at the core of Sixties culture, feeding into both Swinging London fashion and design and Underground poetry and performance, changing the ideas and ambitions of both pop music and political theatre. The unexpected hero of Hewison's story, just for his energy and ubiquity, is Jeff Nuttall.

There are, no doubt, misjudgments (and

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misprints) here but what matters is not whether Hewison gets the Sixties right or wrong but where his judgments come from. At first he seems to be a fairly straight sort of metropolitan 'man of letters'. He's more interested in high than low art (and, more dubiously, excludes US and European work from the British art context); he assumes that most products of the mass media are 'ephemeral'; he argues that theatre (not rock) was 'the principle form through which the politics of the counter-culture found their most lasting expression' (and where issues of gender and sexuality were most incisively raised).

All this is arguable (I'd say that most fringe theatre shows are ephemeral; most performance art banal; most Elvis Costello records more subtle than most Howard Brenton plays; most Sixties 'high' counter-cultural theory gobbledygook), but what *Too Much* makes clear is Hewison's commitment to the 'autonomous' artist, his contempt for commerce. And this does not imply that the artist should retreat into privacy and/or the past. Hewison is a Ruskinian, and the question he's been addressing since he started his trilogy is how the artist can play a *public* role independently of the ever more powerful forces of the state and the market.

As he's pursued this issue Hewison has had to shift from literary to cultural theory and now his tools of analysis are unashamedly sociological. He reads the Sixties in terms of Bernice Martin's concept of 'expressive revolution' and, more significantly, through Stuart Hall's understanding of ideology. He follows Hall, for example, in seeing the 'crisis' of the Sixties as a crisis *within* the dominant culture, a crisis of hegemony which, while caused by economic decline, was first expressed in terms of cultural values and symbols, first experienced in cultural institutions. The counter-culture wasn't a revolution that failed because it wasn't a revolution at all. It was a debate, often conducted in wild, metaphorical terms, about the nature of bourgeois community and freedom in the conditions of late capitalism.

By now, of course, the Sixties generation is becoming the cultural establishment itself and this is not just the usual process of accommodation — or, rather, there are Sixties ideas and principles to be accommodated which *do* change the context of art work. These ideas are now feeding into cultural policy making, whether that of the GLC and Labour Party, local art centres or, come to that, the *New Statesman*'s review pages, which is why Hewison's book is necessary reading (even if his own 'theory' chapter is his weakest) — he's casting light on the roots of much left-wing cultural commonsense.

The counter-culture, he suggests, did indeed succeed in 'enlarging the area of personal freedom: in sexual matters, the family and artistic expression.' But this was a success, primarily, for the petit-bourgeois class fraction that fought for it. The question remains, did the Sixties make any difference to anyone else? To women as well as men? Blacks as well as whites? Workers as well as intellectuals? What do our answers mean for cultural policy in the Eighties? □

PAPERBACKS

Human interest

Nigel Gray

IT IS GOOD TO SEE that British publishers are at last taking an interest in literature from outside the English-speaking world. Sadly, though, most of the dozen or so translations that came my way during August would send a majority of readers scurrying back to the new American releases. Perhaps this is partly because the 'new' translations are all of 'old' books. For example J. M. Coetzee, author of the Booker prize-winning *Life and Times of Michael K*, has translated **A Posthumous Confession** by the 19th-century Dutchman Marcellus Emants (Quartet Encounters, £4.95). This tells the story of an unhappy individual whose ability to feel and to love has been destroyed by his own loveless childhood. Unfortunately (though let me stress that I do not say this because of its subject matter) it is a charmless, plodding book.

With **The Blind Owl** by Sadegh Hedayat (trans. D. P. Costello, £4.95), the publisher John Calder has served up a novel that echoes Emants' in many ways: it is more complex to be sure, more poetic, better crafted, but adds up to little more than misanthropy through an opiate haze.

The exciting discovery among the translations was, for me, **The Games of Night** — a collection of stories by Stig Dagerman (trans. Naomi Walford, Quartet Encounters, £4.95). Dagerman, a Swede, illegitimate, spent his early years living in great poverty on a small farm with grandparents whom he loved. Later he was taken to stay with his father, a member of the urban proletariat, and I think it's safe to guess, a drunk. Dagerman clearly suffered a great deal in childhood and most of the stories in this collection have those experiences as their source. Unlike Emants' *A Posthumous Confession*, though, this is far from depressing reading. The stories are beautifully, sensitively created, and the author's humanity and compassion shine through the squalor of their settings. The subject matter is painful to confront, but the writing is always a joy to read. With one exception the translator has done a marvellous job. The problem for her comes with 'Where's My Iceland Jersey?' — a jewel of a story, but told in a working-class idiom which is obviously foreign to her. The effect is that of an accomplished middle-class actress playing the part of a cockney in a radio play. And the final story, a sort of surrealist meandering, does not really belong in this collection. But these are merely quibbles, and I'm eager to read any other work by this author that is available in English. Sadly, Stig Dagerman committed suicide, while still a young man, in 1954.

Suicide, in this case a collective suicide reported in a Sidney newspaper, was the starting point for Thomas Keneally's latest novel. I became a Keneally fan on reading *Schindler's Ark*. That wasn't a novel, of course, and it was in a sense a book that was 'given' to him. Nevertheless, having taken great pains over the research and the collecting of his material he used his novelist's technique with exemplary skill to create an important and unforgettable work of literature. Consequently I looked forward eagerly to reading **A Family Madness** (Hodder, £3.95), particularly as it comes covered in praise from other reviewers.

In the event it seemed to me no more than a hastily cobbled-together potboiler. The story is revealed by a variety of characters: the narrator; a wartime Belorussian politician; his Frenchified refugee daughter; his son — a central figure traumatised by unspeakable childhood horrors into adult mental and emotional instability; an Australian rugby league player. 'What richness of invention,' I hear you cry. But in fact they all speak with the same voice. Worse still, two of the characters are represented through their diaries. So we get: '3.00am woken from heavy sleep by telephone call from Ostrowsky in Minsk. Asked to lunch. Kappeler visiting again from Kaunas. It's him, Bienecke, Harner, at SD/Gestapo headquarters, Natural History Museum.' And so on. Perhaps a third of this overly long book is couched in such inelegant prose, which is no pleasure to read.

Alice Miller's **Thou Shalt Not Be Aware** (trans. Hildegarde and Hunter Hannum, Pluto, £5.95), although for the most part apparently addressed to Freudian psychotherapists, is in fact an important book with relevance to us all. Try not to be put off by the title, and soldier on through the, at times, repetitive shop talk: it's worth it. Alice Miller wants to persuade us to recognise the child as a victim of the power of adults, and to extend our understanding of the profound and lasting damage that can be done to people in the early years of their life. You may feel that this is stating the obvious — but isn't that what wisdom is? Is not the wise person he or she who can cut through the crap and see and articulate with clarity? I have no doubt that this book will

Age

Rachel McCarron

Were people, really, once more jovial
And more kindly, or do we come to see
The past as bonny, and the present dismal,
At a certain time of life? I was jaunty
One time, met the world with effrontery.

Now I creep like a moneylender. I know
The falseness of my smile, how bedded with grime
My fingernails, from counting coins, maybe.

Worst of all is the sense of dread. I go
In mortal fear, like one who did a crime,
And yet I cannot name the enemy.

Are there no second honeymoons in life,
Where we could fall, as once upon a time,
For the world that took us, innocents, to wife?

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help many people to recall and to understand the ways in which they were damaged as infants, and to become more aware of the ways in which they are passing that poison on to their own children. □

Nigel Gray's latest novel, Happy Families, *has just been published in paperback by Futura. His* The Worst of Times: an Oral History of the Depression *is published by Wildwood.*

The party's over

Sara Maitland

Hidden Agendas: Theory, Politics, and Experience in the Women's Movement
ELIZABETH WILSON with ANGELA WEIR
Tavistock £7.50

WOMEN'S LIBERATION in Britain is now about 20 years old. Not surprisingly, it has lost its youthful, and probably naive, joyfulness, but has it replaced it with anything else? If so, what? And, perhaps even more pressingly in these sorry times, what the hell should it be doing now? (The question of what it actually *is* doing now is harder to address: the women's movement having fragmented into an enormous diversity of 'feminisms'.) The question is also intellectually demanding because of a curious contradiction which Elizabeth Wilson describes thus:

> The ideological impact of feminism has so far been much greater than any changes in women's material position . . . While women's right to equality is increasingly (if grudgingly) recognised, the material basis for equality and independence is denied. This perhaps explains how things seem to be getting better and worse at the same time.

A reasonable response to this loss of direction is to examine our own history. One way of doing this is to reproduce the ephemera of individual theorists over the whole length of the movement in a single volume, thus focussing on what were the specific concerns of a certain movement and also on how ideas have developed. This is the impulse behind *Hidden Agendas*.

A long introduction perhaps, but it is only by grasping the complexity of the current feminist dilemma that this book can be properly read. Elizabeth Wilson's writing is in many ways an appropriate subject for such a project: she has long been regarded as one of the most articulate and thoughtful proponents of a particular politic within feminism, and has brought that perspective to bear on many of the central debates of feminist theory — both of political strategy and of ideology. Oddly enough, however, this clarity in some ways defeats the purpose of the book.

Wilson has always had a clear stance: 'I have always seen myself as a Marxist and a feminist rather than as a "socialist-feminist".' And since 1973 she has been a member of the Communist Party. This political/personal history allows her a clarity about but also a detachment from feminism and her ideas do not seem to develop in relation to the shifts within the women's movement, and particularly within socialist-feminism, but rather to stand almost statically in judgment over them. The problem here is not that socialist-feminists — with whom I identify myself — don't need and deserve criticism and challenge, but that this stasis rather undermines the alleged purpose of the book. The net effect is a rather strange one: Elizabeth Wilson as marxist insistently criticising feminism for its insistent criticism of marxism. Part of this is of course inevitable: all the essays in this volume are reactive — responses to events or theories already laid down — and thus leave little opportunity for Wilson to articulate her own positive vision of where feminism should be going and why. At the simplest level, for the general reader, this makes the book somewhat depressing; but also difficult to read openly and responsively since the sense of being under a barrage of attack does bring out a defensive reflex.

And this is a pity because a lot of what she has to say is important and should be heard: particularly her attempts to re-call the women's movement to its own fundamentalism — to being a Liberation Movement of revolutionary potential, in alliance with other progressive movements. Hence the necessity for socialist-feminism to commit itself again to the politics of the material, and to wrest the initiative back from the hands of the essentialist, ahistoric tendencies of radical feminism. For Wilson a crucial issue is therefore the one of political organisation. Of course she is right that feminism must not sentimentally idealise the so-called 'open' or anti-hierarchical organisation of women's liberation which has so conspicuously failed to 'deliver the goods' either in forging a broadly united, radically committed women's movement, or in improving the material conditions of the majority of women. But simply pointing out, for instance, the errors of socialist-feminist positions on male chauvinism within the trade unions, or the lobster-pot of immutability into which the post-structural psychoanalytic theorists seem to have got themselves, does not address at all the fact that we have often ended up there precisely because of the actual, and theoretical, impossibility of functioning within the framework of the revolutionary party.

Wilson's claims for the potential of the organised socialist party, untrammelled by the demands of either social democracy, or by the ambiguous and complicated relationship of women to the modes of production, are attractive. But they seem as idealised and romanticised as the 'autonomous' 'non-hierarchical', 'organic' organisational models of utopian socialist-feminists. The how-do-you-get-there-from-here is as lost in her text as in any of those she denounces.

I do not claim to know how feminism should go now, or how it should recapture its early commitment to linking the personal questions of ideology with the project of the socialist transformation of society (though I do feel more convinced than Wilson that the explorations into the ways in which female identity is constructed within society will prove useful: it is interesting that, despite her claims to value cultural and sexual identity questions, her papers on these subjects which make up the latter third of the book are not dated, tied into their historical context, as the overtly political papers of the previous section are).

What I do know is that this collection does not really help me to understand how it is that all the brave promises and high hopes of ten years ago have been dissipated into factionalism and negative criticism; nor does it move me to act, or even to imagine better ways of acting in the circumstances that now confront us. It does, however, make me realise the deficiencies of my own political thinking and the ways I have allowed myself to duck the implications of the 'hidden agenda' within feminist history, and this is invaluable. Read in conjunction with Sheila Rowbotham's admittedly more idealistic, but also stunningly beautiful *Dreams and Dilemmas* (Virago, 1983) it is possible to get a sense of what feminism was up to in the Seventies. It would be useful to have an equivalent contribution from the radical feminists so that the debate can be rejoined more fully. □

SHORT STORIES

Happy endings

Adrianne Blue

Other Fires: Stories from the Women of Latin America
ed. ALBERTO MANGUEL *Picador* £3.50
Pack of Cards: Stories 1978-1986
PENELOPE LIVELY *Heinemann* £10.95
One Way or Another
PETER CAMERON *Viking* £9.95
Success Stories
RUSSELL BANKS *Heinemann* £10.95

EVERYWHERE I GO people talk of the flavour of the month, and it is never ice cream they are referring to. It is this poet or that; this film or that restaurant; or else it is Woodie Allen. (It ought to be Margarethe von Trotta.) I can tell you what the flavour of next year is going to be: writing by Third World women, which category is meant to embrace Asia and Africa and Latin America. Collections are mooted by several publishers and, after they get a look at **Other Fires**, surely they will scoop out more.

This is an important collection: some of the stories are fine; all of the writers are worth pursuing. The editor has had to do much of the rough and ready translation himself, because these writers have been ignored outside of the Spanish- and Portuguese-reading world. Latin America, he tells us, is 'an imaginary place', for countries as diverse as Cuba and Uruguay do not even have gauchos in common.

There is too little here: only one story by each writer. And if we are to trust the

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biographical introductions, Manguel perversely has chosen uncharacteristic work.

Marta Lynch, who brought Hemingway, Katherine Mansfield and Günter Grass to the attention of the Argentinian literati, wrote banned political novels. Here she is represented by the smouldering 'Latin Lover'. The Brazilian Rachel de Queiroz's 'heroines triumph in their revolution'. Yet in 'The Husband's Revenge', the wife's victory, of sorts, is entirely at her husband's hands. Garcia Marquez's very talented compatriot, Albalucia Angel, snares us in the very few paragraphs of 'The Guerrillero' who is waiting for the soldiers' rude knock at the door.

These stories range from the ruminative to the gory to the enrapturingly gothic romantic. The bold and vivid 'Usurper' is by Beatriz Guido, whose novels have been made into films by her husband Torres Nilsson. The other women here, however, have been entirely contained by language and hemisphere, in effect, gagged when literary hysteria focussed on Borges and Garcia Marquez. Oh why on the way to post-feminism was not feminism allowed to be hegemonic?

Pack of Cards is a retrospective collection of Penelope Lively's ten years as a writer of fiction for grown-ups, (she previously catered entirely for children). Nine of the 34 stories here are new; the others have appeared in one or the other of her previous two collections. There is no startling development; these stories, like the earlier ones, are stunning.

Lively's insights are deep, often profound; always amusing. Her skill with words is breathtaking. Even her range is bigger than most; her protagonists are not all middle-class, though they are nearly all honourable. She is a craftswoman extraordinaire, even an artist; yet the boundaries of her art have, except in small ways, been pre-set. Chekhov invented the modern literary short story, with its reliance on the telling detail and the understated, ironic ending. Joyce whittled away unnecessary flourishes, but his *Dubliners* are essentially stories in the manner of Chekhov, but without the Russian excesses (the Irish excesses are in Joyce's longer works). In America, this, in diamond prose, became the *New Yorker* story, and there we are. No curtsies either to Borges or Calvino and such.

What distinguishes the contemporary literary short story from the commercial one, which is often just as well crafted, is the unhappy ending. In the literary story, the most that can be gained by the protagonist is insight — usually into bitter truths. Lively's most daring stroke is to write unsyrupy happy endings; to break down that cliché. Instead of bearing ironic witness to her genre's masochistic dogma that the examined life is barely worth living, she ferrets out instances when the good man and, less often, the good woman score a point.

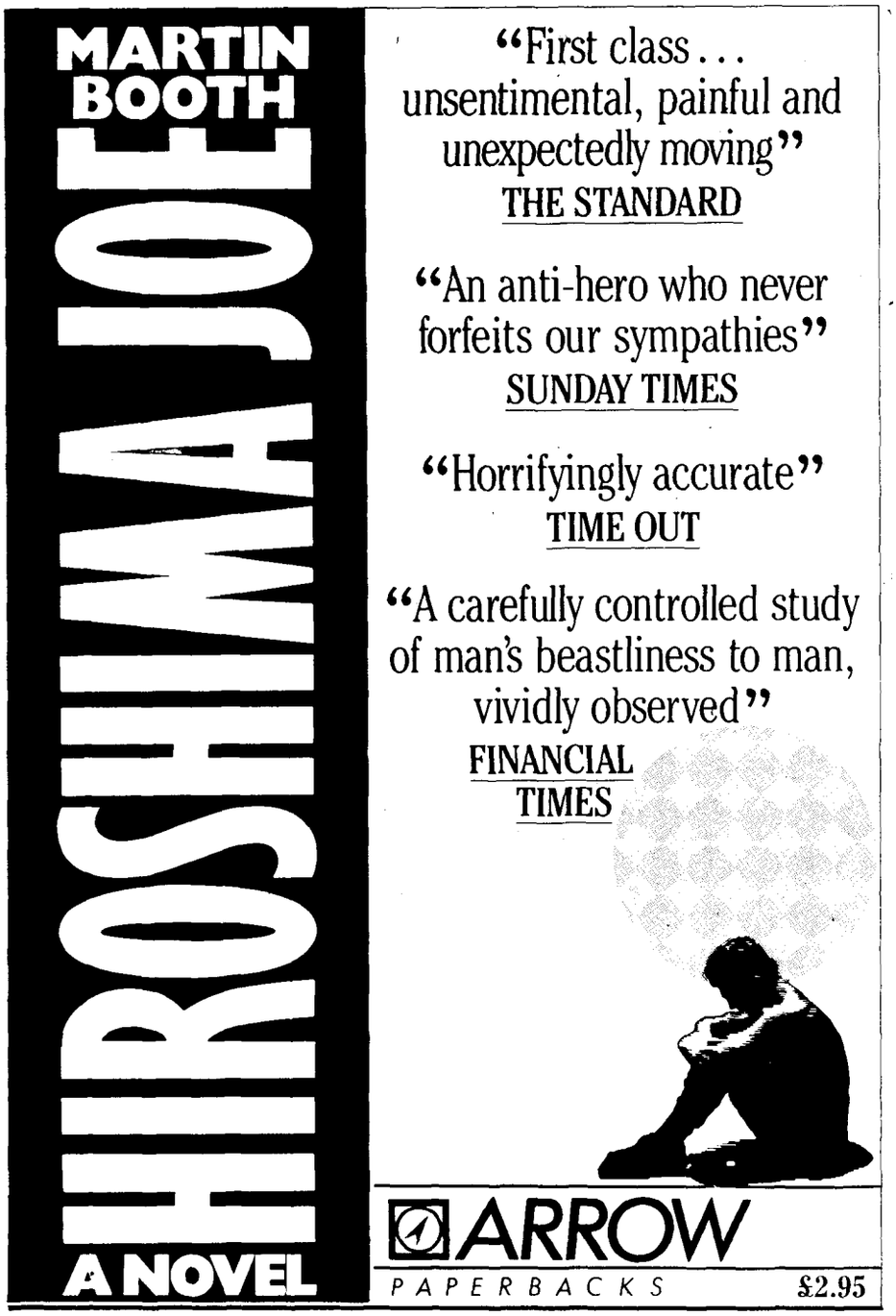
In the title story, an Oxford-educated writer of the wrong class (although increasingly it is the right one) makes plain his contempt for the philistine rich. At Sunday lunch, to which he is taken by his totally unsuitable beloved who has 'a five-pound note voice', the family prove unbookish, indeed the snobbish family matriarch boasts of never having descended into a public library.

Perhaps the finest story of the collection is the drole and deeply insightful depiction of the English in extremity in 'A Long Night at Abu Simbel'. Without making a fuss, indeed without a word of warning, the exceedingly English tour guide abandons her holiday party, who are nothing but troublé, at a temple just a stone's throw from Lake Nasser, but miles from anywhere else. For a while the reasonably well-bred party behave with the decorum of the boys in *Lord of the Flies*, but come the dawn they report, 'we muddled through quite nicely.'

When elderly and discerning Miss Carlton happens upon a free pop concert in Hyde Park, her delight turns to disillusion as she sees these young for the boors they are. 'The Voice of God in Adelaide Terrace' is a crude depiction of the onset of insanity, albeit funny in its anatomy of racial sterotypes.

In 'Corruption', the title story of her previous collection, a judge and his wife the magistrate, are caught at the beach with lurid pornography — part of the evidence he must peruse before Monday's court — and opinions about them are formed solely on the basis of the circumstantial evidence.

If you're ennobling an old tradition, experience, not surprisingly, usually counts. It is no insult to say that Peter Cameron's first collection, **One Way or Another**, is, on the whole, promising. The book comes with the imprimatur of David Leavitt, another young American writer, but whereas Cameron is feeling his way, and rather like his young characters sometimes takes the wrong short cut, Leavitt is a prodigy. Another American, Russell Banks, is trying to pave a new road, but his **Success Stories** do not compare with his novel, *Continental Drift* or his extraordinary *Book of Jamaica*. □



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CRIME

Bodylines

Nick Kimberley

AMERICANS TAKE their crime fiction very seriously; you can tell that by the prices they pay for it. It's no surprise that rare first editions of Hammett and Chandler fetch high prices, but would you pay $200 for a first of Robert Parker's *Mortal Stakes*, published as recently as 1975? The New York magazine *The Armchair Detective* provides regular price guides to crime novelists. Advice is offered to potential investors who might get caught out: 'Be warned! Copies of Parker's first editions in less than fine condition are not acceptable to any serious collector.'

The level of criticism published in the magazine often displays a similarly literal and pedantic bent — Umberto Eco is chastised, for example, because *The Name of the Rose* is a title designed to mislead the reader, something a mystery novelist should never do. But the very existence of this well-produced, literate and informed magazine is a sign of a level of interest not known in this country.

There are several other US magazines devoted to criticism of the thriller in all its forms, while **Black Mask Quarterly** is an attempt to revive the magazine which, under Joseph Shaw's editorship, fostered the hardboiled style of crime fiction in the Twenties. The magazine in its modern incarnation has all the seriousness and clout of, for example, *Granta*, but is devoted entirely to crime fiction. Like *Granta*, but unlike its nominal predecessor, it tends to rely on established writers rather than digging out new talent. Even so, you won't find anything like it published in Britain.

The Armchair Detective's editor is Otto Penzler, who also edits the series published by Morrow under the title 'Quill Mysterious Classics'. The series reprints novels by authors relatively well-known here (Jim Thompson, W. R. Burnett, Fredric Brown) as well as some completely forgotten. The most notable is Raoul Whitfield's **Green Ice** (Morrow/Quill, $3.95). This first appeared as a serial in the original *Black Mask*, which gives it a breathless power modern writers might envy. Presumably Joseph Shaw insisted that each episode had as much action as possible, probably accounting for the three corpses in the first ten pages, and for the fact that the narrator is knocked unconscious three times during the course of the book. This lends the novel a certain period charm, but it would be wrong to dismiss it simply as a period piece. The elliptical dialogue is in the best hardboiled style; at one point Whitfield's hero sets out what could be the tough guy creed: 'There would be action; my mind and body needed it.' There is indeed so much action, involving so many characters, that plot recedes, vigour and violence drag the narrative forward.

Reprints account for much of the crime fiction output here too. The novels of Ross Macdonald have inexplicably been out of print for years, but we now have new editions of **The Moving Target**, **Black Money** and **The Blue Hammer** (Allison & Busby, £9.95 & £2.95/£3.50). All three are first-person narratives told by the series' detective, Lew Archer, who made his first appearance in *The Moving Target*. Originally published in 1949, that novel established the pattern which Macdonald adapted so successfully for the next 30 years or so. A rich family is in disarray, one of its members has vanished, Archer is called in to find him and in the process digs up some ghastly secret from the family past.

Archer was clearly modelled on Philip Marlowe, and shares many of that man's moral tones: he admits to having been to a bordello — but on a case, of course. He sees himself as society's watchdog and is quick to pass judgment on people: a woman he meets is instantly categorised as 'a frozen virgin who dreamed about men at night and hated them in the daytime.' Such high-handedness seems to have afflicted most of the generations of private eyes who have followed on from Marlowe and Archer, and Macdonald never managed to keep it in check. But he was a perceptive writer, able to adapt the thriller to an emotional range few writers have matched. *The Moving Target*, with its Southern California religious sects, astrologies and shamans, has a strangely prescient feel; when it was filmed in 1966 as *Harper*, the setting was made contemporary, for once an entirely appropriate decision.

Mike Marqusee opens his first novel, **Slow Turn** (Michael Joseph, £9.95) with a wry meditation on the googly, that most deceptive cricketing weapon. To many, the words 'cricket' and 'thriller' are antonyms; Marqusee risks losing his readers by the end of the first page, even if he has established the googly as a measure of life's mystery. Using a low-key cricket tour of India as background, the novel shows how sport and politics must mix, and how sport will be swept aside if it fails to accept that fact. Even a cricket bore (I count myself as one) might lose the thread during the lengthy passages describing states of play in various matches, but otherwise *Slow Turn* is an intriguing and responsible sports thriller. Its account of the gargantuan forces which shape cricket's meaning on the Indian sub-continent says more about the game than a dozen sports reporters put together. □

Morrow/Quill Mysterious Classics and Black Mask Quarterly *are available in this country from Compendium, 234 Camden High St, London NW1.*

FICTION

Correspondences

Liz Heron

The City and the House
NATALIA GINZBURG *trans.* DICK DAVIS
Carcanet £8.95

NATALIA GINZBURG is a poet of domestic life, its prodigal idiosyncracies and quiet consolations.

Born in 1916, the daughter of Jewish socialist parents in the Turin bourgeoisie, she suffered directly the harrowing persecutions of fascism, among them the imprisonment and death of her husband. Yet in her classic biography, *Family Sayings*, those terrible dramas recede behind a daily scene whose features are the tics of character and private language. More than 20 years later she is still writing about families and the solidity they seem to give to memory and everyday existence.

That solidity is of course precarious. At the start of *The City and the House*, Giuseppe, a jaded journalist in his fifties, is selling his flat in Rome before leaving for a new life in Princetown. There his brother, a university teacher, will offer him a home and find him a job. In Italy he leaves a son from whom he is estranged, and a circle of friends who are united by their weekend visits to Lucrezia and Piero, a couple living with their children in a sprawling country house.

In the course of the novel, structured entirely as a sequence of letters, Lucrezia leaves her husband for another man, the house is sold and the friends drift apart. In America Giuseppe constructs a new set of attachments. On both sides of the Atlantic sudden death and other tragedies intrude to redirect new hopes of love and friendship.

Family here is not confined either to ties of blood or of sexual love, though it sometimes involves vindicating the absence of one or the other. Everyone in the novel appears driven by the need to be taken care of, yet this dependency is simultaneously a search for adulthood, for it is allied to the wish to prove worthy of love. Giuseppe's emigration draws him into new responsibilities and family passions. In Rome his son sets up house with a gay lover and a pregnant young woman; his devotion to her baby cancels out Giuseppe's

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early paternal neglect. Lucrezia sees in her lover a man who isn't afraid of anything, but her own recklessness goes unrewarded when he fails to break off the relationship that stands in the way of living with her.

The epistolary form, admirably handled through Ginzburg's clear, unforced prose, is the perfect vehicle for her impressionistic patterning of life's hurts, softened through mutual trust and the shared intimacies of words and gestures, objects and places. Letters distance shock and pain by report or relay, imposing the lucidity of everyday experience on intense emotion.

This is a sad, moving book, full of improbable happenings that are overlaid with a convincing patina of circumstance and feeling. □

FICTION

The Beat goes on

Oliver Harris

The Last Museum
BRION GYSIN *Faber* £3.95

EIGHTEEN YEARS after its inception, and a month after its author's death, there is a special poignancy to the appearance of Brion Gysin's second and final novel, *The Last Museum*. And a harsh irony, too. For Gysin, the painter who invented the cut-up and collage method of literary composition, has had what was intended as his magnum opus cut down and cannibalised into a ghost of its former manuscript. Being a patchwork and précis, the quality of writing is, unsurprisingly, patchy.

The novel was originally to have been a history of the Beat Hotel, the Parisian left bank flop-house on the rue Gît-le-Coeur, Street-Where-Lies-The-Heart. It was there, in 1959, that Gysin and William Burroughs completed *The Naked Lunch*, then launched and formulated the literal cutting-edge of Beat Generation avant-gardism. At various times during the late Fifties and early Sixties Allen Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky, Gregory Corso and Harold Norse stayed there and pooled their poetic talents with those of Burroughs and Gysin. Maybe one of those round blue plaques will now mark the spot, affixed to the grey flaking plaster of the latin quarter walls.

Immortality and memory — as the collection and recollection of things past — is indeed the book's major theme. In *The Last Museum* the Beat Hotel is relocated to Malibu, California, where it enters the Museum of Museums. This cultural morgue is run by the novel's hero, PG Six, simultaneously a future Paul Getty and Gysin's querulous alter-ego. Taking *The Tibetan Book of The Dead* as its framework, the Hotel becomes the Bardo Thodol, a place where a lifetime and a culture is revisited through its seven floors and 49 rooms. The memorial structure leaves off at the fourth level, acknowledging that even after death, incompletion reigns. But there are no exhibits gathering dust or frozen under glass here: the Bardo is a blague, full of vitality and badinage.

The journey back is less sentimental than surreal, a twisty, racy, and highly camp return to the places and people that have passed through Gysin's life since childhood. Everyone gets at least a walk-on part. As Sir William Van Burroon, Burroughs is joined by Dr Benway out of *The Naked Lunch* to perform a colostomy with the dubious assistance of Benway's nurse, a purple-assed baboon called Violet. Like the real-life cancer that required the surgery, the old jokes have a tendency to repeat themselves. Libido and the 57 varieties of sex refuse to respect the passing of corporeal existence: there are endless monstrous members and strange sex practices. Meanwhile Stein and Toklas, whom Gysin knew in the Thirties, are rolled into Gertrudnalice, joining the Hags and Fags, Hets and Peds, and Dykes on Bykes riding giant Harley-Davidsons. Most engaging is a Greek escapade, a cross between *Pygmalion* and *Playgirl*, concerning a former sacred prostitute from the Temple at Baalbeck, a handsome Apollo, and an Ionian sculptor. The effect of all this semi-autobiographical mythographing and afterlife carnival veers towards the cute and kitsch. For unlike Gysin's previous novel, *The Process*, where light-heartedness acted as a balance to bewitching prose and provoking ideas, here the whimsy is all.

'You know your own music when you hear it one day. You fall in line and dance until you pay the piper,' wrote Gysin on the sleeve notes to *Brion Jones presents the Pipes of Pan at Joujouka*. Maybe Gysin's failure to achieve greater public recognition is due to a commitment to, and talent for, work in so many different media. Ex-surrealist painter, one-time Broadway designer, socialite, restaurateur and raconteur, he also participated in key movements of contemporary experimental art, in the Domaine Poètique, Fluxus, and poèsie sonore. While his artistic influence has been evident, and his breadth of interest well-documented (see *Here To Go*, his illustrated book of interviews with Terry Wilson), he perhaps lacked the single-mindedness of Burroughs, in whose dark and long shadow he seems fated to remain. For Gysin's real music was in the magic of his painting, in the calligraphic squorls and spectral Moroccan landscapes that capture the dervish dancing of Joujouka. It is those canvases, rather than his last book, entertaining though it may be, that stake a place for him in any Last Museum. □

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LETTERS

NUJ and The Battle for Wapping

Barbara Gunnell, London E3

Donald Macintyre, like National Union of Journalists' members Woodrow Wyatt and Bernard Levin before him, has used his privileged access to the media to make propaganda for one side in a complex internal union debate (*NS* 22 August). It's a dishonourable tradition and one which the *New Statesman* should have been wary of following.

Macintyre believes the NUJ executive should take no action against NUJ strikebreakers at Wapping. As a member of the executive representing London freelance journalists, also severely affected by the dispute, I believe we should.

The early arguments against taking complaints against strikebreakers at Wapping were that more could be achieved by friendly persuasion. Some of us disagreed. We felt that this slow bleeding of Wapping was ineffectual but at least we took the policy seriously enough to try and persuade people to come out. 'Realists' were not much in evidence on the picket line. In fact I don't think I ever saw one executive member who argued for 'persuasion' actually get down to Wapping to persuade anyone.

As fast as we persuaded journalists out, new NUJ members went in to replace them. I remember a lengthy argument on the picket line with a provincial journalists going in for a trial shift on one of the titles. His view was that since we were not taking action against those inside why should he give up his chance to get to Fleet Street. Why indeed?

The most lasting effect of this policy of gentle persuasion has been to saddle the NUJ with a growing and continuing financial responsibility — £150 per refusenik per week — which the union cannot hope to maintain.

The effect on Murdoch meanwhile has been minimal. Though Macintyre is right that most 'refuseniks' were initially against discipline he must know that the refuseniks are now as deeply divided as the rest of the union on the issue. Perhaps they know now that not only will NUJ members inside not fight to get them their jobs back; worse, that the strikebreakers — jaded enough to want to leave Wapping but not brave enough to join their striking colleagues — are now competing with refuseniks for jobs in NUJ closed shops. Surely the NUJ owes the members who obeyed the instruction at least as much as it owes those inside?

The union conference rejected the idea of continuing with the gentle persuasion strategy. It voted instead for a policy which, in summary, told members they could not work at Wapping with impunity; and that even important Fleet Street journalists were subject to the union's rules. The executive decided to ignore that decision. The 'realists' hoped, they said, to get further with persuasion and to build up relationships with key NUJ members on the inside.

This hope has proved most unrealistic. The strikebreakers are as far as ever from coming out and have now failed even to honour that most basic of trade union principles, support of their sacked colleagues.

What more can we do, ask the realists. I believe there is something more, and that is to treat Fleet Street members exactly as we treat all other members, and take disciplinary action against those who failed to obey the instruction not to work at Wapping.

Terry O'Halloran (NUJ Freelance Branch in a personal capacity), London SW1

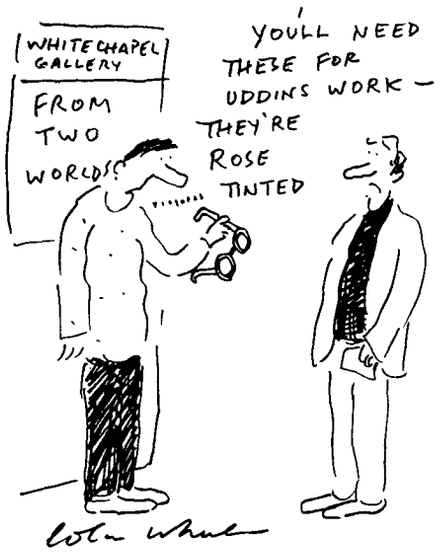
Macintyre's blurring together of the Libyan motion issue and the Wapping dispute is completely dishonest. The London Freelance Branch delegation at the ADM supported both the Libyan motion and the motion calling for disciplinary proceedings against members working at Wapping. At the branch meeting following the ADM, the branch, by a narrow margin of three votes, dissociated itself from the Libyan motion and censured the delegation. By contrast, the branch then and since has overwhelmingly supported disciplinary proceedings against those working at Wapping. Perhaps, LFB members do not count as 'rank and file' in Macintyre's world.

Secondly, the NUJ NEC's grotesque twisting and turning to avoid taking disciplinary action reveals the real 'gap' in the NUJ: the gap between the alleged policy-making body of the union — ADM — and the NEC. Many 'ordinary' — to use Macintyre's term — members are very angry about the NEC's open contempt for ADM. This was seen at ADM itself.

Take your specs

Pat Ainsley, London, E15

Is Naseem Khan colour blind or just totally unable to appreciate paintings? Only one of these two possibilities can explain the fact that the review of the Whitechapel Art Gallery's 'From Two Worlds' *(NS 29 August)* did not even mention the paintings of Shaffique Uddin on show there. This is extraordinary since Shaffique



is a unique and gifted painter whose art combines the Bengali origins of his work with a rich and detailed vision both of Bangladesh and England, especially the life, people and buildings of the East End where he lives and matured.

Another ignored exhibition which synthesizes Western and non-European perspectives in the way the reviewer claims to approve is at the Wapping Sports Centre. Called 'Brushes with the West', some more of Shaffique's amazing paintings can be seen. I hope your reviewer will go and have a look and then go back to the Whitechapel and look again at Shaffique's 'Palm Tree', or his view of New York. Only this time (another possible explanation) make sure you're brought the right pair of specs with you.

Listen to the provincial comrades

Professor Patrick Seyd, University of Sheffield

Vladimir Derer's article *(NS 22 August)* is a depressing reminder of the Labour left's current weakness: the *London* left has played too prominent a role in left affairs when they are often wildly out of touch with the views of Labour activists and supporters. Instead of forming yet another organisation, the London left would do well to take a back seat, keep quiet, and listen to the views of their provincial comrades. They might then find that their comrades do not regard every person in authority within the Party as a turn-coat or renegade, nor that attempts to devise a political strategy for winning power as an abandonment of socialist principles.

Because the Party leadership is trying to devise ways and means of making public ownership more attractive and relevant for the latter years of the twentieth century; because it recognises that trades unionists like participating more directly in industrial matters by means of ballots; because it believes that a democratic centralist organisation has no place in the Party, the left has rediscovered an identity. Derer claims it is beginning to develop a positive platform. But this turns out to be nothing more than a commitment to public ownership, legal immunity for trade unions, and the establishment of Party sections for women and blacks. Amongst Derer's list of commitments, only opposition to nuclear energy is likely to have much public impact and on this issue Party concern extends well beyond the reactive left.

In the early-1980s, when both the Party Leader and programme were left-inclined, the left had a great opportunity to extend its influence on British political life. Instead of capitalising then on its strength by campaigning for public support for the Party's radical economic and defence commitments, it concentrated on internal Party matters. While the left maintains its ideal of radical transformation, it also needs to develop a strategy capable of convincing electors of the need for such change. Parts of the Labour left are now engaged in that difficult task. But Labour Left Liaison appears to be involved in a more negative and destructive exercise and that is why Derer's 'News From Hampstead' makes depressing reading.

Feminist defence

Alec Smith, General Secretary, National Union of Tailors and Garment Workers, London N1

Your very comprehensive article on the TUC Congress 'Farewell to solemn and binding' was, unfortunately, marred by your comments about women and the trade unions: you appear to have overlooked developments in the National Union of Tailors and Garment Workers over the last decade. In 1978 only 3 of the Union's 15 Executive Board members were women. This had increased to 8 in 1984.

In the 1986 elections 21 of the 28 candidates contesting seats were women, and they took 11 of the 14 places on the Executive Board. Anne Spencer, who is not unknown in trade union circles, is the Union's Deputy General Secretary.

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PART-TIME CLERICAL ASSISTANT sought by weekly trade union newspaper. Duties include: filing, telephone enquiries, general administration. Hours 9.30 – 12.30, 5 days a week. Salary approx £3,400 + LVs. Write with cv to Alan Slingsby, The Teacher, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9BS by 19 September. N36.6

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ATTRACTIVE, BROKEN-HEARTED lady, early 40s, needs understanding personable man for laughter/companionship to share occasional evenings/weekends, no strings. East Midlands/London. Box (36)3626. N36.21

ATTRACTIVE, HUMOROUS, professional man, 45, happily married, seeks occasional romantic diversion, with intelligent older woman, London and Kent. Photo appreciated. Box (36)3666. N36.22

ATTRACTIVE LADY, intelligent, warm, vivacious divorcee, 40s, misses empathy of "special" gentleman of calibre and joie de vivre. Essentially erudite, charismatic, successful/solvent mature grad. professional, seeking genuine caring commitment. Box (36)3624. N36.23

ATTRACTIVE, UNATTACHED man seeks just such a woman as friend and lover. I'm a Brighton English teacher of 53, affectionate, imaginative, communicative. And you? Box (36)3621. N36.24

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GENT, 57, N/S, T/T, would work for pleasantly plump lady struggling in business or farming. Secretarial/manual in return for board, lodging, love and affection. Box (36)3629. N36.29

GOOD-LOOKING, intelligent woman, 40, wide interests, seeks well-educated, cultured man around same age, with mature personality, vitality and sense of humour - doctor, teacher, social worker or similar - for caring relationship. London. Photo appreciated. Box (35)3588. N35.8

HAPPY WOMAN, thirties, requires scintillating stimulation from a tolerant, monogamous male companion who's had the chips knocked off, within visiting distance of Bradford. Box (36)3663. N36.31

LONDON MAN, 5' 6", quiet disposition, seeks warm, attractive, socialist woman, 50-60, for caring, permanent relationship. Interests: politics, music, theatre, chess. Box (36)3644. N36.32

LONELY BACHELOR, 46, working class graduate. Interests: cinema, theatre, walking, politics. Would like to meet lady of similar age. Perception and insight more important than looks/status. East Midlands. Box (36) 3622. N36.33

MALE, SEPARATED, own flat, (36), fair, slim, humorous. Interests: music, cinema, countryside, leftish politics, seeks woman of similar inclinations for a caring relationship. Central Scotland. Box (35)3594. N35.13

MAN, SINGLE, 37, lives in West Midlands, interests, reading, mainly poetry and short stories, music reggae to classical, theatre, cinema and country walking, would like to meet woman for intimate friendship. Box (36)3623. N36.34

MAN 42-51 is sought by an educated, professional woman. She is easygoing but caring and considerate, hopes he is too. Manchester/West Yorkshire preferred. Box (36)3625. N36.35

PROFESSIONAL MALE graduate, 30s, non-smoker, caring and gentle, wishes to meet attractive, uninhibited professional female for fun and friendship in the coming winter months. I also enjoy good food, wine, theatre and concerts. Photo and phone number appreciated. Box (35)3589. N35.17

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN GRADUATE, social sciences background, early 40s, interested in talking, films, theatre, dining out, walking, seeks similar male for outings/friendship. London/Canterbury/South East. Box (36)3654. N36.36

SINGLE MALE, late forties, SE London flat, seeks interesting lady without dependents, who also likes books, theatre, old buildings and travel. Box (36)3665. N36.37

SLIM, 5' 10" MALE, late forties, permanent resident med villa, seeks female companion for holidays, travel etc. Preferably non-smoking, non political, mildly interested in natural history, gardening, open air activities. Box (36)3619. N36.38

SOCIALIST TURKISH male, engineer, warm, open, honest, mature, seeks lady (20-30) for caring relationship with marriage in mind. London SW1. Box (36)3650. N36.39

VERY TALL, masculine, sensitive homosexual man, 40, SE London, seeks similar manly non-scene bloke, 21-45, for lasting commitment. Enjoys swimming, walking, music, drama, homelife. Non-smoker. Box (36)3648. N36.40

WANTED: ATTRACTIVE, unattached, well-balanced man, (non-smoker), similar age or younger, for sincere and mutually rewarding relationship, with interesting, artistic woman 39. London based. Box (36)3653. N36.41

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AGENDA

FOR DETAILS CALL DAVID JONES 01-251 5487

SAT 6 SEPT

INTERNATIONAL SOCIAL EVENING of solidarity with the ANC. 7-12pm, Ruskin House, 23 Combe Road, Croydon. Entertainment, food, bar. Groups from ANC, Chile and others. Adm. £2/£1 unwaged.

SUN 7 SEPT

AHARON APPELFELD (major Israeli novelist of the Holocaust) will discuss his work with readings by Ruth Rosen, 8pm YAKAR, 2 Egerton Gardens, Hendon, NW4. Donation £3.

"COURAGE ACROSS THE DIVIDE" TV film and discussion, Israelis and Palestinians in quest for peace. Org. by Jewish Socialist Group. Friends International Centre, Byng Place, Torrington Place, WC1 at 7pm

MON 8 SEPT

CAN THE UNITED NATIONS HOPE TO DELIVER THE PEACE? Lecture by Sir Brian Urquhart, former Under-Secretary-General for Special Political Affairs at the UN, at 1pm, Central Hall, Westminister, London SW1.

SUN 28 SEPT

REUNION OF RATIONALISTS at 3.00pm in the Library at Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Square, WC1.

THURS 2 OCT

INVOLVING THE COMMUNITY — The Lessons We Can Learn. A workshop for all interested in increasing public control and involvement in services. Speakers: Suzy Croft and Peter Beresford. Venue, Advance, 14 Bloomsbury Square, London WC1A 2LP, 2-5pm. Details: 01-223 7989.

LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE

If you are organising a fringe meeting at this year's conference, then get the word around by advertising in Agenda. Deadline for bookings is **Friday 19 September.**

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Fri 19 – Sun 21 September
ATLANTICISM IN CRISIS - SOCIALIST RESPONSES
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* Senait Bahta, the Eritrean People's Liberation Movement
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2.30 pm

For Further Information – Helen Allison,
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FOOD

Square meals

Colin Spencer

EATING OUT in Britain is improving while in France, ironically enough, it is in decline. The two movements may be linked but it would take a canny sociologist to detect how.

I should make it clear that both movements are marginal and somewhat infinitesimal, the decline in France being greater than the improvement here. Terrifyingly, it might in the future all equal out, in the common denominator of the Big Mac like a colossus astride the world; that, for me, has the quality of a Bunuel nightmare.

The improvement here is in the quantity of small restaurants which aim to give value for money, coupled with considerable individual flair in their cooking. Excitingly enough, these restaurants offer a wide range of cooking from around the world. We are no longer just stuck with the Chinese and Indian take-aways, though I am the first to applaud their continual success. Two years ago when the Chancellor added VAT to take-away food, I wrote bitterly of how the under-privileged had to bear this extra cost on what is one of the basic necessities and pleasures of life. I am convinced that the ethnic take-away has blazed a trail where others have and will continue to follow. We should be able to enjoy readily at hand good food at reasonable prices in pleasant surroundings. Indian vegetarian restaurants, at the moment, fulfil this requirement better than any other and they are inevitably much used by students (two favourites are reviewed below).

If you eat out a lot, it would be sensible to invest in the *Good Food Budget Guide* which aims to collect places where you can eat well for under a fiver. Its august cousin, *The Good Food Guide*, lists the great gourmet restaurants where you can pay ten times that amount or more for one person — and that is without the booze. There is an obscene immorality about elitist food and this column will tend to ignore the food gurus so beloved by most of my colleagues, as I do not believe a reduced *sauce bercy* merits the grave attention it often gets. To be fair, *The Good Food Guide*, under the editorship of Drew Smith, has steadfastly thrown its considerable weight into the struggle of value for money and, in the last few years, has listed more and more downmarket venues. But from this autumn the *Budget Guide* takes over that responsibility.

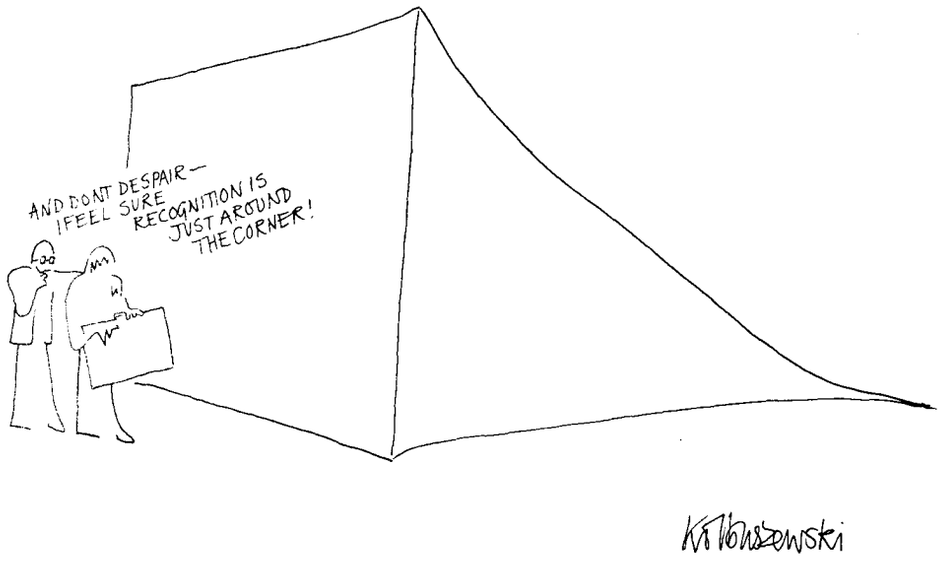
In Edinburgh, having lost my copy of the *Budget Guide*, I used the *GFG* and found it listed 17 restaurants. They ranged from the plush Pompadour Room of the Caledonian Hotel with a chef who trained at the Dorchester to Vito's which is a rustic Mediterranean-style basement with robust Italian pasta dishes. I ate dinner at **Cosmo's**, a long-established Italian restaurant, its interior just failing to match the elegance of the city it is in. Here they make their own pasta, and an *Agnolotti di Ricotta Fondanti* (small purses of ricotta and spinach) was as light as a soufflé with the texture of velvet. The mixed salad had sprigs of endive, radicchio, chicory and rocket in it, without the depressing appearance of even one hothouse lettuce leaf. For a main course, I had *Conchiglie allo Spiedo* (fresh grilled scallops) which were done on a skewer with peppers. Scallops need very little cooking and placing them on a skewer could dry them out — these were fine and delicately sweet. The Verdicchio even had a touch of fruitiness in the dryness. When I ordered a half bottle of Valpolicella to go with a handsome slice of ripe Dolcelatta, then gagged on tasting it — for it was pure vinegar — the wine waiter immediately changed it for a Salaparuta Corvo, a light fruity red which I had enjoyed earlier this year in Sicily. The bill was £46 for two of us.

Vegetarian Indian cooking strikes me as far more gentle, with individual spices and their amalgamation in the dish detectable by the palate, unlike the rather aggressive monotonous assault which meat curries can have, making the senses reel and the sinuses sting. **Kalpna** is an Indian vegetarian restaurant in the university area of Edinburgh. The *GFG* refers to it as spartan, but their inspectors could not have eaten in student canteens. The rooms were filled with houseplants, the walls covered in posters for fringe shows which were eccentric and fascinating. It is a self-service lunch and each day there are six or seven different dishes which do not change radically but are all spiced with great subtlety and stimulate the gastric juices as few other foods ever do. On the day I was there, I was offered a red kidney bean dish, a *palak paneer* (spiced spinach with curd cheese), a mixed vegetable curry, brown rice and *pilau* rice. They had the lightest *samosas* and onion *baghi* I have ever eaten served with a spiced, clear tamarind sauce. We had a large lunch with 2 pints of beer which came to just over £6 for two. This is more like it.

The food reminded me of one of my favourite London restaurants, the **Mandeer**, which has the same self-service and similar dishes and prices. However, the room here, which is a basement, could be referred to as spartan; a barrel vault where hungry students crouch over a long trestle table seems the perfect conditions for fermenting revolution. The Mandeer has another room which is darkly lit and hung with Indian paintings where the tables are low and you can consume a *Thali*, that circular tray full of a variety of spiced goodies. But it is the first room which always pleases me. The place has its regulars and, for central London, it can be an oasis. You can eat a large and nourishing lunch with *lassi* to drink for around £3.

However, the best new discovery I've made for value for money is **Auntie's**. A set lunch at £12.50 is astonishing for the high quality of the three courses. The chef is a youthful 21-year-old, Shaun Thomson, who trained under Anton Mossiman. His repertoire is authentically English with dishes like buttered Cornish crab, skate with capers, a chicken cobbler with herb dumplings, game sausages and spiced cabbage. The vegetables had plenty of bite in them and the lunch began with a small bowl of crudités. There is a house wine at £5.50 and some interesting British wines which are worth trying. The puddings are all seductive, from a tipsy fruit trifle to an individual summer pudding darkened with blackcurrants. They also do the by now famous Mossiman bread and butter pudding, but I am always too bloated to try it. The one and only drawback is that the room is small; the tables, too close together for comfort, are also rather too small to hold all the food and wine. My advice is to be un-English, take over the street and eat under an awning. Cleveland Street has that kind of appeal anyway. □

Cosmo's, 58a North Castle Street, Edinburgh EH2 3LU, 031-226 6743
Kalpna, 2-3 St Patrick Street, Edinburgh EH8 9ES, 031-667 9890
Mandeer, 21 Hanway Place, London W1P 9DG, 01-323 0660
Auntie's, 126 Cleveland Street, London W1, 01-387 1548



Krahnowski

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Anchors away

Nigel Fountain

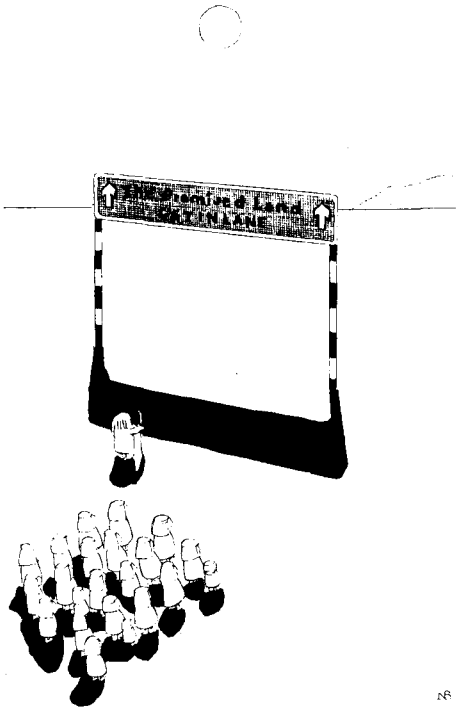
THE FIRST TIME I went to New York I took a trip round Manhattan on the tour boat. I watched out for the Brooklyn naval yards — now abandoned — and I watched out for the old docks, stuff of childhood dreams. I remembered photographs of the *Normandie*, ablaze on the quayside during the war, pride of the French Line, a missing link in a catalogue of liners. But most of all I thought of the *Queens*.

New York was the other end of a route that started in my home town, Southampton. It was not a place with the romance of Liverpool or London, and the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth* both carried the name of Liverpool — where they were registered — thus denting my local patriotism. But they did dock there, dominating the sea/skyline, three funnels for the *Queen Mary*, two for its sister. More than 80,000 tons displacement each, and even if the flashy *United States* had captured the Blue Riband — and still has it, despite the quackeries of Richard Branson — everyone knew that the *Queen Mary* was faster *really*. It just couldn't be bothered to show off.

The *Mary*, the *Elizabeth*, the *United States*, the *America*, each would sail in and out of the harbour plying the passage to New York, a mythical metropolis where James Cagney probably lived. Other, lesser ships played supporting roles, the curious pink *Caronia*, the Union Castle liners which left each Thursday at 4pm for South Africa, the *Southern Cross*, an occasional visitor from Australia.

I was back in Southampton the other weekend. Other people can wax lyrical about coalfields and back-to-backs, there is a spoken, sung and written culture to accompany it. No one does so about the southern sea-port. It has, as my mother points out, a good shopping centre.

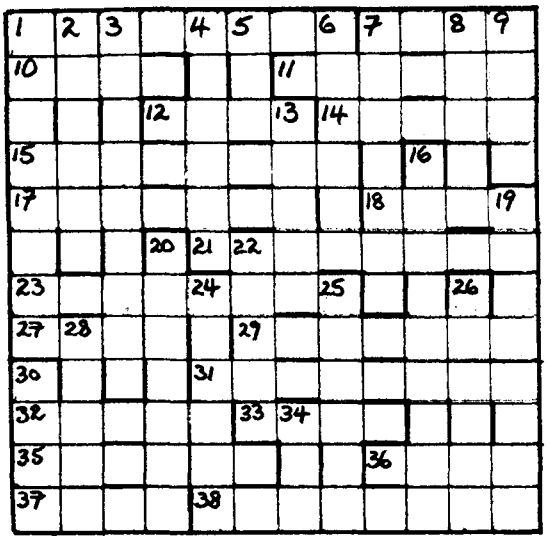
And what it doesn't have any more is that which I took for granted, the ships. In New York the docks are deserted, the jetties where the liners moored are empty, gums with no teeth, a land for junkies and derelicts. In Southampton a billboard near the station urges passengers to sail from Portsmouth when on their way to the rest of Europe. Given the attitude of Southampton to the naval port down the road I am surprised the authorities



Salamanca 111

'Firing Wild Shot Reft Us'

PRIZE: £35 cheque for the first correct solution opened. Entries to Salamanca 111, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 30 September.



The unclued answers may be deduced if one considers 30, and their unchecked *letters* make up the title. (The word clued at 15 will be found in OED.)

Name_____

Address_____

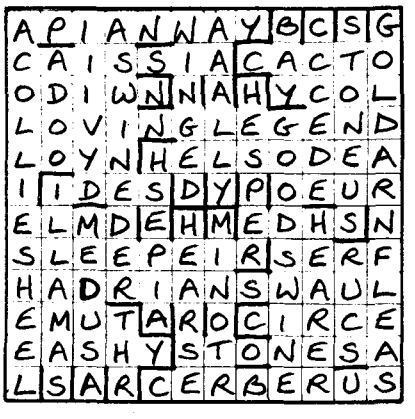
ACROSS

7 Short thin horse one's put into pasture (4)
10 Such an expert would show hint of bashfulness at first if making a dreadful mistake (4)
11 Regular twinges one's gout gives (6)
12 Small boat crossing river used to carry fruit (4)
15 Ace lass (Wimbledon's No. 1) perhaps, making court records? (8)
18 Has AA brought part for it so sir's driven back? (4)
21 These runners in team ran furiously but finished after last of rivals (8)
23 E.g. 11 (of possible 12), its usual beginning smothered by what's filling shovels, say? (8)
27 Information about King making the old smile (4)
29 Hoodwinked King in plot (7)
33 Manure when matting getting hard (4)
35 One's dressed in foremost labourer style as a resident employee (6)
36 Here's one who's lost her husband: it's time I got married? (4)
37 Twelfth has struck one time *and* here's one shoe that's been abandoned? (4)

DOWN

2 President involved in Nato deal with the East? It's all recorded (2 words, 6)
3 Roving waves, using extremes of evil so? (9)
5 A jade fish (3)
6 Stupid price to pay for a little Chinese takeaway? (2 words, 6)
8 This Bible is a translated version (*not* Dante's second, right?) (5)
9 Thirteen-stringed instrument certainly awkward to take to (4)
13 Kind beginning to redden in embarrassment (5)
16 This may be occupied by a nobleman, one at arms perhaps (9)
22 A leader of brothers (man that's head of teaching) (5)
24 Large fish had his arm off (6)
26 Around those Ponderosa pistols you'll see nestor, lad, Hoss, and so me — Little Joe? (6)
28 No longer assemble about railway siding (5)
30 Discern Lake behind hill (4)
34 A *very* secondary yarn? (3)

Solution to Salamanca 110



Notes: p) Appian Way, living legend, Hadrian's Wall, Achilles Heel, Winged Horse, Golden Fleece, Hera/a) Circe, turned men to swine; b) Cerberus, has three heads; c) Hesperides, stole the golden apples; d) Medusa, turned men to stone

Prizewinner to Salamanca 110

David Williams
(Horsham, W. Sussex)

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permitted it to be put up.

But Southampton docks don't share their transatlantic opposite numbers' air of devastation. They are just largely deserted. Where the Union Castle ships used to be, Burmah Oil, until recently, parked a vast, ugly supertanker. It was awaiting some mysterious shift in the wind of world market forces. After three or so years the turn came, and the tanker departed, mourned only, I imagine, by those collecting harbour dues. It wasn't a proper ship.

While the liners dominated the port, they remained at a mysterious distance. The docks were out of bounds, guarded by policemen, populated by a workforce that did not share — as far as I am aware — a fund of shanties or 'Boyhood of Raleigh' yarns. And the area around definitely lacked the exoticism of Shanghai's docklands, or Barcelona or Marseilles. But it did offer the possibility of another world, as did the mysterious Lascar seamen strolling up the town.

They've started opening the docks now, and, as the remnants of Hurricane Charlie bucketted rain over Southampton Water, I finally got in. In an act of municipal folly the transatlantic terminal has been knocked down, but what is left is the cross-channel terminal, where, I suppose, Burgess and Maclean took their final farewells of England before moving to Moscow.

But the buildings have changed, brightly painted, centrally heated, and with a new name, 'Ocean Village'. In the entrance a video played to no one in particular the possibilities opened up by the enterprise. A display of posters and photographs hailed the new development as another step forward in the city's maritime history. Inside the travelling army of DIY and garden-centre enthusiasts bivouacked between forays amidst the small shops selling militaria, model planes and books about boats. Outside yachts rolled on the grey water.

An ocean village is a neat concept for enterprise in the Eighties. Traditionally villages are about small, settled communities living off the land, the mines, the sea. The ocean is about endless space, romance on the waves. Ocean Village is about the sale of trinkets, the bonding of ephemera with infinity.

Well, what else could they do? London's Covent Garden and St Katherine's Dock showed the way; when the content has gone, display the packaging. The liners have gone, make the best of the marina. Good luck to them.

The neighbouring streets have changed too. Cleaned up, they look more like dockland in some genteel movie, chic rather than rundown and low on Lascars. With easy access kids will still dream of the sea, bigger and better dreams maybe. But I doubt it; dreams need a root in reality, and all that is solid has melted into Ocean Village. □

Nigel Fountain is co-editor of City Limits. *His thriller,* Days Like These, *was published last year by Pluto. He is currently writing a history of the British Underground press in the Sixties.*

Weekend competition

No 2940 Set by Ben Trovato

Thanks to the lyrical TV ad and all those free invitations in the press, Sellafield expects to get 50,000 visitors this year. New attractions include a mobile snack bar, and a viewing platform is planned. Best of all, the number of permanent (relatively) staff to cater for the tourists has risen from 18 to a staggering (literally) 30. That's the way! But there's so much more to be done. Slogans and promotional material, please, to make Sellafield Britain's top tourist spot. 150 words maximum, by 18 September.

No 2937 Set by Wayne Sidesaddle

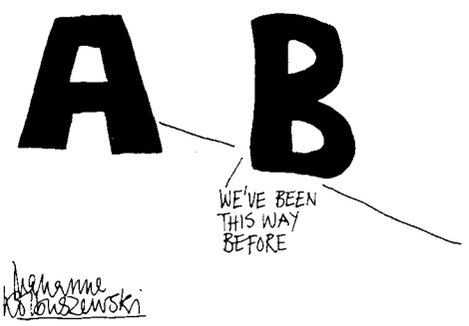
Apologies from cookery, DIY and beauty columnists for misprints with disastrous consequences.

Report By Red Dorn

Two points about your entries, which were dire. One is that misprints are only funny when they're accidents (or cause accidents): so simply listing well-worn howlers, Russell Lucas *et al*, doesn't do it. Over the weeks I've grown accustomed to your interest in genitalia: on the other hand, the number of entries where misprints included 'bints', 'cunts', 'scrubbers' and wives as *per se* good for a laugh, surprised me. Still, it's interesting. Most of you are regulars, and indeed have been entering comps since at least the Suez crisis. But keen though we are to boost circulation, I wonder whether in all those years you haven't been finding the rest of the *NS*, well, unstimulating. Wouldn't you be happier with some other periodical; *Knave*, say, or *Penthouse*? Think about it — and think yourselves lucky that my colleague Ms de Meaner is currently holidaying in North Korea. A fiver each to these, which raised the ghost of a smile.

Katie writes: My apologies to 'Worried Blue Eyes' of Walsall if she got the wrong idea from my reply to her letter. I'm afraid the gremlins must have been at work among our compositors! Naturally I think that any ideas for 'brightening up' a marriage that can be agreed between husband and wife must be judged on their merits by the parties concerned, and it would be quite wrong of me to be censorious. However, I try to keep the advice given in my column within the limits of good taste. I am sure you realised that it was simply an unfortunate misprint, but just to set the record straight what I was recommending as a 'fun idea' was, of course, simply 'the taste of a juicy *casserole*.'

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES



We regret that in last month's Traditional Puddings feature, the Tester's Tip for Spotted Dick appeared as follows:
'Instead of custard, I served this with a home-made *specia lice* cream to which I added 4oz chopped nuts.'
Amazingly, not all of you spotted this error. Mrs B of Neasden writes she tried this idea with woodlice. Was this the right 'specia'? They were difficult to cream but her guests commented on the unusual flavour and her husband ate several helpings. Thanks for the letter, Mrs B. Hope hubby's feeling better soon.

The Tester's Tip, of course, should have read: '. . . I served this with a home-made special ice cream to which I added 4oz chopped nits.'

M. E. AULT

From *Family Doctor:*
I am sorry to have to say that in my article in last month's issue about Natural Contraception the chart showing fertile and infertile days in the monthly cycle was unfortunately reversed. Readers who are keeping the chart at their bedsides as I advised should alter their copies by writing 'Infertile' for 'Fertile' and vice-versa.

HAZEL STANLEY

Tony and Lavinia de Vere wish to point out that in the article on wallpapering your room they failed to allow for doors and windows. The number of rolls, of course, would thus be less for all the dimensions given. Most readers were quick to spot the slip and those who didn't mostly had phones. Readers who lent copies of the issue to elderly friends and relatives are advised to make personal calls at once. Never forget the DIYer's main requirement — full insurance cover.

GEORGE MOOR

Some gremlin sabotaged my recent article, which appeared to recommend four inches of 'sockwool' between ceiling joists to reduce heating bills. I meant, of course, 'rockwool'. Mrs E. F. of Grimsby writes to ask whether the sockwool should be laid in the skein or wound into balls, while P. G. of Liphook comments that he has spent more than last winter's heating bill on only a quarter of the job. I imagine that laying sockwool in the skein is quite effective, and less frustrating than winding; and rest assured, P. G., that you have probably the best insulating material money can buy.

If in doubt about grant aid, go to your council offices and ask for the farts.

NOEL PETTY

Our attention has been drawn to an unfortunate printing error in Recipe No 24. The instruction should read: 'Add twelve crushed *capers* to the mixture and liquidise'. The substitution of *capons* for *capers* has led in many cases to the malfunctioning of food mixers, prosecution by the RSPCA and the unwelcome attentions of Animal Rights campaigners.

We regret also the bizarre compositing mistake which led to the interchanging of the two words 'olive' and 'castor' in our recipe for vinaigrette dressing. The dressing should, of course, contain six tablespoons of *olive oil* and one teaspoon of *castor sugar*. Several of our readers have been moved to write to us about this.

WATSON WEEKS

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Take me to your Leader
by JOHN MINNION
FELLOW PIECES... DO YOU INTEND TO REMAIN TRAPPED FOREVER WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THIS LONGWINDED RITUAL?
BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES OF THIS BOARD THERE IS A WORLD OF EXCITEMENT AND ADVENTURE. ARE YOU PREPARED TO TAKE THE STEP AND FOLLOW ME?
YES!
YES!
YES!
NOW, FIRST WE'LL GO TO THE TUC CONFERENCE

Chess

WE HAVE to admit that the Russians have for the time being a pretty firm grip on the world championship. In fact they have guaranteed tenure until 1989, and although English GMs are now consistently producing excellent results in international tournaments a quantum leap in strength is needed if any of them is to reach the level at which Kasparov and Karpov are operating.

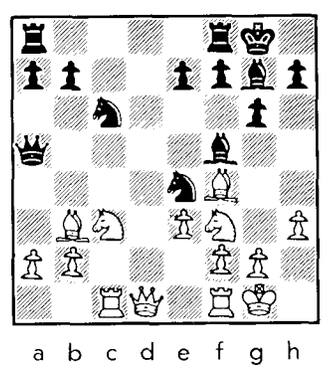
In the meantime there are other prizes well worth winning. For example, in the recently published *Informator 40* one of John Nunn's games received the accolade of being voted the best game of the previous volume of *Informator*. Since this Yugoslav-based periodical churns out a massive selection of all the most interesting games played, that meant that it was the best game of the first six months of 1985.

A panel of nine distinguished elder statesmen from the grandmaster community awarded Nunn's game 78 marks out of a possible 90, and I cannot refrain from observing that John's marks for style would have been even higher if the two ex-world champions Botvinnik and Smyslov (who gave him a 6 and a 7, respectively) had not displayed a rather striking preference for Soviet brilliancies.

In spite of problems about objectivity this method of assessment has many advantages over the brutal simplicity of the customary 1-0 or $\frac{1}{2}$-$\frac{1}{2}$ system of scoring. I would rather like to see a tournament played in which brilliancy prizes were the only prizes for which the players were competing. Though it would be difficult to better this effort under any conditions:

Belyavsky-Nunn, Wijk aan Zee 1985. King's Indian.
1. d4 Nf6 2. c4 g6 3. Nc3 Bg7 4. e4 d6 5. f3 0-0 6. Be3 Nbd7 7. Qd2 c5 8. d5 Ne5. An extremely provocative move. 9 . . . Re8, intending to break out with . . . e6 and . . . a6 + . . . b5, is another way of playing the line. **9. h3 Nh5 10. Bf2?** This turns out very badly because White loses control of the vital diagonal c1-h6. 10. Qf2 might well give White a big advantage. **f5 11. exf5 Rxf5!** Belyavsky's notes in *Informator* suggest that he had rather been looking forward to 11 . . . gxf5 12. f4 Ng6 13. g3. **12. g4 Rxf3 13. gxh5 Qf8 14. Ne4 Bh6 15. Qc2 Qf4! 16. Ne2** Otherwise 16 . . . Bf5 wins. **Rxf2! 17. Nxf2 Nf3 + 18. Kd1 Qh4 19. Nd3 Bf5 20. Nec1 Nd2!** White's forces are so congested that even with an extra Rook he cannot find any way of returning material to stem the attack. E.g. 21. Qxd2 Bxd2 22. Kxd2 Qxc4 23. Bg2 Qd4 followed by 24 . . . c4. He cannot even defend the c4 pawn because of 21. b3 Qe4 22. Rg1 Qd4 forking both Rooks. **21. hxg6 hxg6 22. Bg2 Nxc4** Now there is no stopping the check at e3: 23. Re1 Qh5 + 24. Qe2 Ne3 + etc. **23. Qf2 Ne3 + 24. Ke2 Qc4 25. Bf3 Rf8 26. Rg1 Nc2 27. Kd1 Bxd3 0-1.**

There is a distinction to be made between best games and brilliancies. Sacrifices are needed for the gleam of a brilliancy, whereas a best game might just be a cool positional exploitation. It could, of course, quite well be a draw, like game 11 in the Kasparov-Karpov match, which was in my opinion the best game of the match so far. Here is the position after Kasparov's 13 . . . Ne4, proposing an exchange of Knights and opening the diagonal for his Bg7:



The game continued: **14. Nd5 e5 15. Rxc6! exf4!** 15 . . . bxc6 16. Ne7 + Kh8 17. Nxc6 and 18. Ncxe5 gives White two pawns and a dominating position for the exchange. **16. Rc7 Be6** Surely Black wins material? No! **17. Qe1 Qb5 18. Ne7 + Kh8 19. Bxe6 fxe6. 20. Qb1 Ng5 21. Nh4** Now the threat of Nxg6 + looks very dangerous, but Kasparov has an amazing 'defence'. **Nxh3 + !** So that if 22. gxh3 Qg5 + both 23. Ng2? f3 and 23. Kh2 Qxh4 24. Qxg6? Qxe7 are winning for Black. **22. Kh2 Qh5 23. Nexg6 + hxg6 24. Qxg6** Karpov is trying to win whereas 24. Nxg6 + leads to a draw after 24 . . . Kg8 25. Ne7 + Kh8 26. Ng6 + etc. If instead 25. Nxf8 Black can still force a draw with 25 . . . Ng5 + 26. Kg1 Nf3 + 27. gxf3 Qg5 + with perpetual on g5 and h5, but might well prefer to play for a win with 25 . . . Nxf2 + 26. Kg1 Ng4. **Qe5! 25. Rf7! Rxf7 26. Qxf7 Ng5.** Presumably Kasparov considered 26 . . . Qb5 27. Rc1 too risky. **27. Ng6 + Kh7 28. Nxe5 Nxf7 29. Nxf7 Kg6! 30. Nd6 fxe3 31. Nc4** Certainly not 31. fxe3? Be5 + . **exf2 32. Rxf2** and $\frac{1}{2}$-$\frac{1}{2}$ in 41. Miraculously the material balance has been restored. Actually the Black Bishop is a little better than White's Knight, but Karpov only needed to exercise a little care.

George Botterill

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This England

[illegible]

☐ Furious feminists are snubbing a pub after it was renamed the 'Old Trout'. Women in Windsor are angry because the pub sign shows a fat fishwife. Landlady Julie Potter, 26, said yesterday: 'I always laugh when I answer the phone and say it's the Old Trout'. — *Sun* (George Moor)

☐ A swimming pool at Sandwell in the industrial West Midlands gives bathers a holiday atmosphere — by selling seaside-style-rock. It has the words 'Tipton Baths' all the way through. — *Daily Telegraph* (Wendy Abbott)

☐ Historians who have spent the past eight years trying to identify a grave in Evercreech Church near Shepton Mallet, marked only with a plaque bearing the initials 'HWP' have called off their hunt. The Wessex Water Authority has just explained that the plaque marks the route of the church's hot water pipe. — *Daily Telegraph* (H. Woodward)

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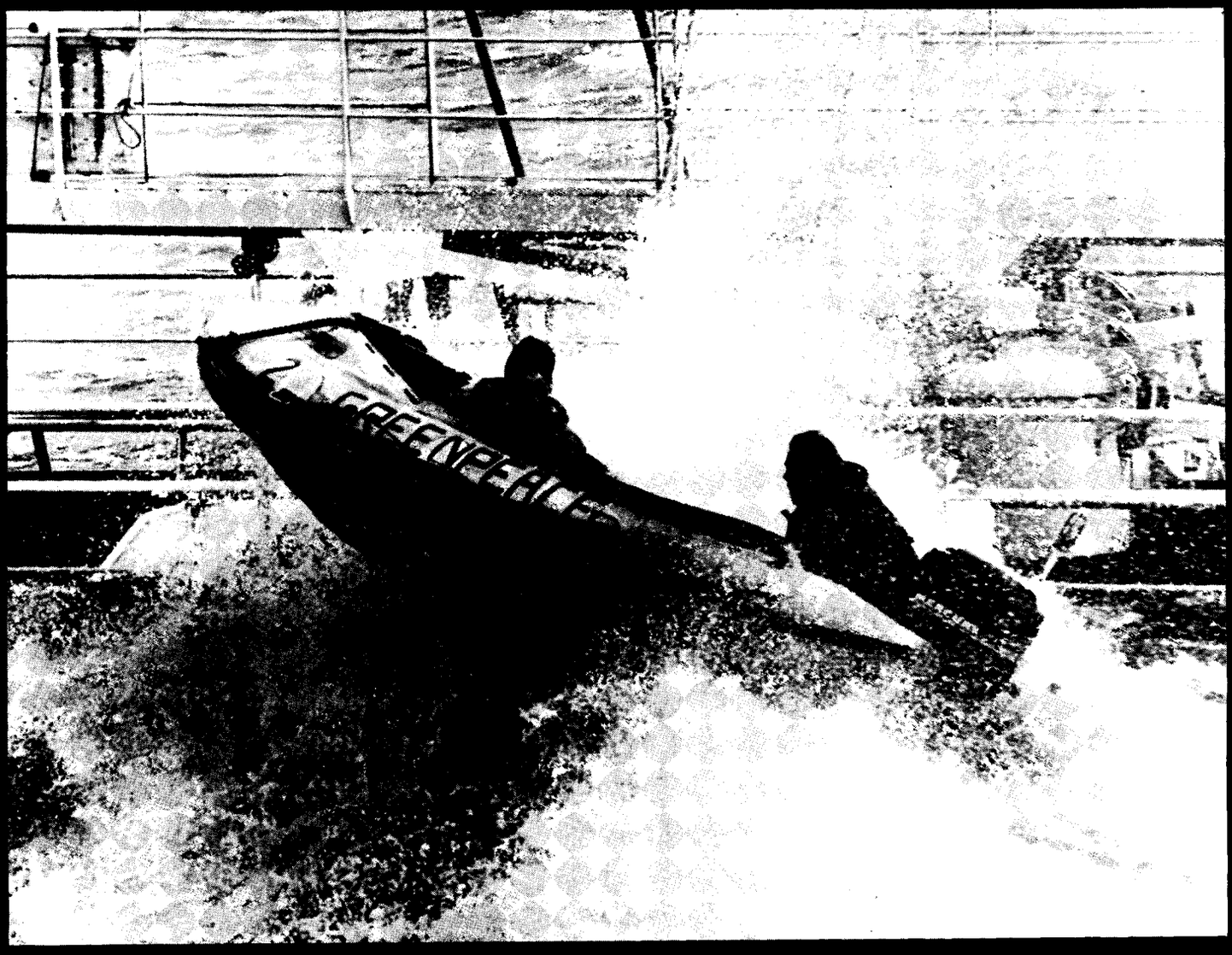
GREENPEACE



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IN ACTION:
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